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THE GLEN COLLECTION
OF SCOTTISH MUSIC

Presented by Lady Dorothea Ruggles-
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in memory of her brother, Major Lord
George Stewart Murray, Black Watch,
killed in action in France in 1914.

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Glen 131.

Antient and Modern
SCOTISH SONGS
Heroic Ballads &c
In Two Volumes
VOL. I.

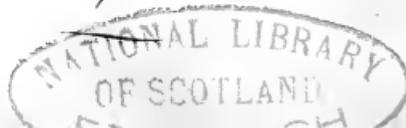


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SCOTS SONGS.

HARDYKNUTE,

AN HEROIC BALLAD.

PART I.

STATELY stapt he east the ha,
And stately stapt he west :
Full sevnty zeirs he now had sene,
With fkerce sevin zeirs of rest.
He livit quhen Britons breach of faith
Wrought Scotland meikle wae ;
And ay his sword tauld to their skaith,
He was their deadly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
With halls and towirs a hicht,
And guidly chambers fair to see,
Quhair he lodgit mony a knicht.

His dame sae peirless anes and fair,
 For chaste and bewtie fene,
 Nae marrow had in a the land,
 Saif Emergard the quene.

15

Full thirtein sons to him she bare,
 All men of valour flout ;
 In bludy fecht with sword in hand
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt ;
 Four zit remain, lang mote they live
 To stand by liege and land :
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

20

Great luve they bare to Fairly fair,
 Their sister saft and deir ;
 Her girdle shawd her middle gimp,
 And gowden glist her hair.
 Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred,
 - Waefou to zung and auld,
 Waefou I trow to kyth and kin,
 As story ever tauld !

25

30

The King of Norfe, in summer tyde,
 Puft up wi powir and micht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle,
 Wi mony a hardy knicht.
 The tydings to our gude Scots King
 Came, as he sat at dyne,
 Wi noble chiefs in braive aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wyne.

35

40

“ To horse, to horse, my royal Liege,
 “ Zour faes stand on the strand ;
 “ Full twenty thousand glittering spears
 “ The Chiefs of Norse command.”
 “ Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray,” 45
 Our gude King rafe and cry’d,
 “ A trustier beit in all the land
 “ A Scots King nevir seyd.

“ Gae, little page, tell Hardyknute,
 “ Wha lives on hill sae hie, 50
 “ To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
 “ And haft and follow me.”
 The little page flew swift as dart
 Flung by his master’s arm :
 “ Cum down, cum down, Lord Hardyknute, 55
 “ And rid zour King frae harm.”

Then reid reid grew his dark brown cheiks,
 Sae did his dark brown brow ;
 His luiks grew kene, as they were wont,
 In danger grit, to do : 60
 He hes tane a horn as grene as glaſs,
 And gien five sounds sae shrill,
 That treis in grene wod schuke thereat,
 Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly ſport and glie
 Had paſt that ſummer’s morn,
 Quhen low, down in a graffy dale
 They heard their father’s horn : 65

That horn, quoth they, neir sounds in peace ;
 We haif other sport to byde : 70
 And fune they hey'd them up the hill,
 And fune were at his fide.

“ Late late zestrene I weind in peace
 “ To end my length'ned life,
 “ My age micht weil excuse my arm 75
 “ Frae manly feats of stryfe ;
 “ But now that Norse dois proudly boast
 “ Fair Scotland to inthrall,
 “ It's neir be said of Hardyknute,
 “ He fear'd to fecht or fall. 80

“ Robin of Rothsay, bend thy bow ;
 “ Thy arrows schute fae leil,
 “ That mony a comely countenance
 “ They haif turned to deadly pale.
 “ Brave Thomas, tak ze but zour lance, 85
 “ Ze neid nae weapons mair,
 “ Gif ze fecht wie't as ze did anes
 “ Gainst Westmorland's fierce heir.

“ And Malcolm, licht of fute as stag
 “ That runs in forest wyld,
 “ Get me my thousands thrie of men, 90
 “ Weil bred to sword and schield ;
 “ Bring me my horse and harnisine,
 “ My blade of metal clear :
 “ If faes but kend the hand it bare,
 “ They fune had fled for feir.

“ Farewell my dame sa peirless gude,
 “ (And tuke hir by the hand),
 “ Fairer to me in age zou seem,
 “ Than maids for bewtie fam’d : 100
 “ My zoungeſt ſon fall here remain
 “ To guard theſe ſtately towirs,
 “ And ſchut the silver bolt that keips
 “ Sae fast zour painted bowirs.”

And firſt ſhe wet hir comely cheiks, 105
 And then hir bodice grene,
 The filken cords of twirtle twiſt,
 Weil plait with silver ſchene ;
 And apron ſet with mony a dice
 Of neidle-wark ſae rare, 110
 Wove by nae hand, as ze may gueſs,
 Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and moſs,
 Owre hills and mony a glen,
 Quhen he came to a wounded knicht, 115
 Making a heavy mane ;
 “ Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
 “ By treacherie’s falſe gyles ;
 “ Witleſſ I was that eir gaif faith
 “ To wicked woman’s ſmyles.” 120

“ Sir Knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
 “ To lean on filken ſeat,
 “ My ladyis kyndlie care zou’d prove,
 “ Quha neir kend deidly hate :

“ Hirsell wald watch ze all the day, 125

“ Hir maids at deid of nicht ;

“ And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,

“ As she stands in zour ficht.

“ Aryse, young knicht, and mount zour steid,

“ Bright lows the shynand day : 130

“ Chuse frae my menzie quhom ze pleis

“ To leid ze on the way.”

Wi smyless luke, and visage wan,

The wounded knicht reply’d

“ Kind chiftain, zour intent pursue, 135

“ For heir I maun abyde.

“ To me nae after day nor nicht

“ Can eir be sweit or fair,

“ But fune beneath sum draping tree

“ Cauld dethe fall end my care.” 140

Still him to win strave Hardyknute,

Nor strave he lang in vain ;

Short pleiding eithly nicht prevale,

Him to his lure to gain.

“ I will return wi speid to bide 145

“ Your plaint, and mend your wae :

“ But private grudge maun neir be quell’d,

“ Before our countrie’s fae.

“ Mordac, thy eild may best be spaird

“ The fields of stryfe fraemang ; 150

“ Convey Sir knicht to my abode,

“ And meise his egre pang.”

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre

Lord Chattan's land sae wyde ;

That Lord a worthy wicht was ay,

155

Quhen faes his courage seyd :

Of Pictish race by mother's syde,

Quhen Picts rul'd Caledon,

Lord Chattan claim'd the princely maid,

Quhen he faift Pictish crown.

160

Now with his fierce and stalwart train,

He recht a ryfing heicht,

Quhair braid encampit on the dale,

Norse menzie lay in ficht.

“ Zonder, my valiant sons and fierce,

165

“ Our raging rievers wait,

“ On the unconquerit Scottish swaird,

“ To try with us their fate.

“ Mak orisons to Him that faift

“ Our fauls upon the rude ;

170

“ Syne braifly schaw zour veins are fill'd

“ Wi Caledonian blude.”

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,

Quhile thousands all around,

Drawn frae their sheaths glanfst in the sun ;

175

And loud the bugils found.

To join his King adown the hill,

In haste his merch he made,

Quhile, playand pibrochs, minstrals meit,

Afore him stately strade.

180

“ Thryse welcum valiant stoup of weir,
 “ Thy nations scheild and prude;
 “ Thy king nae reason has to feir
 “ Quhen thou art be his syde.”

Quhen bows were bent and darts were thrawn,
 For thrang scarce could they fie, 186
 The darts clave arrows as they met,
 Eir fais their dint mote drie.
 Lang did they rage and fecht fu ferce,
 Wi little skaith to man ; 190
 But bludy bludy was the field,
 Or that lang day was done.

The King of Scots that findle bruik'd
 The war that lukt like play,
 Drew his braid fword, and brake his bow, 195
 Sen bows feimt but delay.
 Quoth noble Rothsay, “ Myne I'll keip,
 “ I wate its bleid a skore.”
 “ Haste up, my merry men,” cry'd the King,
 As he rade on before. 200

The King of Norse he socht to find,
 Wi him to mense the faucht,
 But on his forehead there did licht
 A sharp unsomie shaft :
 As he his hand pat up to feil 205
 The wound, an arrow kene,
 O waefou chance ! there pinn'd his hand
 In midst atween his enc.

“ Revenge, revenge !” cry’d Rothsay’s heir,
 “ Your mail-coat fall nocht byde 213
 “ The strength and sharpnes of my dart :”
 Then sent it throuch his syde.
 Another arrow weil he markt,
 It perc’d his neck in twa ;
 His hands then quat the silver reins, 215
 He law as eard did fa.

“ Sair bleids my Liege, fair fair he bleids !”
 Again with micht he drew,
 And gesture dreid, his sturdy bow,
 Fast the braid arrow flew : 220
 Wae to the knicht he ettled at,
 Lament now, Queen Elgreid,
 Hire dames to wail zour darling’s fall,
 His zouth and comely meid.

“ Tak aff, tak aff his costly jupe, 225
 “ (Of gold weil was it twyn’d,
 “ Knit lyke the fowler’s net, throuch quhilk
 “ His steily harnes shyn’d),
 “ Tak Norse that gift frae me, and bid
 “ Him venge the bluid it weirs ; 230
 “ Sae, if he face my bended bow,
 “ He sure nae weapon feirs.”

Proud Norse with giant body tall,
 Braid shoulder and arms strong,
 Cry’d, “ Quhair is Hardyknute sae fam’d, 235
 “ And feir’d at Briton’s throne ?

“ Tho’ Britons tremble at his name,
 “ I fune fall mak him wail,
 “ That eir my fword was made sae sharp,
 “ Sae saft his coat of mail.”

240

That brag his stout heart coud na byde,
 It lent him zouth fou micht ;
 “ I’m Hardyknute. This day,” he cry’d,
 “ To Scotland’s king I hecht,
 “ To lay thee law, as horse’s hufe ;
 “ My word I mean to keip.”

245

Syne with the first dint eir he strake,
 He garr’d his body bleid.

Norse ene like gray gosehauk stair’d wyld,
 He ficht wi shame and spyte ;

250

“ Disgrac’d is now my far-fam’d arm,
 “ That left thee power to stryke :”
 Syn gaif his head a blaw sae fell,
 It made him down to stoup,
 Sae law as he to ladies usit
 In courtly guise to lout.

255

Full soon he rais’d his bent body,
 His bow he marvell’d fair,
 Sen blaws till then on him but darr’d
 As touch of Fairly fair :
 Norse ferlit too as fair as he,
 To see his stately luke ;
 Sae fune as eir he strake a fae,
 Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

260

Quhair, like a fyre to hether set, 265

Bauld Thomas did advance,

A sturdy fae, with luke enrag'd,

Up towards him did prance;

He spurr'd his steid throw thickest ranks;

The hardy zouth to quell;

Quha stude unmovit at his approach,

His furie to repel.

“ That schort brown shaft sae meanly trim'd,

“ Lukes lyke poor Scotland's gier;

“ But driedfu feims the rusty point !” 275

and lound he leuch in jeir.

“ Aft Briton's blude has dimm'd its schyne ;

“ Its poynt cut schort their vaunt :”

Syne pierc'd the boster's bearded chiek ;

Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill fwang,

His stirrup was nae stay ;

Sae feible hang his unbent knee,

Sure taken he was fey :

Swith on the harden'd clay he fell,

Richt far was heard the thud ;

But Thomas luk'd not as he lay

All waltering in his blude.

Wi cairles gesture, mind unmov'd,

On raid he north the plain ;

He feim in peace or fiercest stryfe,

Ay reckless and the same ;

294

Nor zit his heart dames dimpel'd cheik
 Could meise saft lufe to bruik,
 Till vengeful Ann return'd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his luke.

295

In thraws of death, wi wallow't cheik,
 All panting on the plain,
 The bleiding corps of warriors lay,
 Neir to aryse again :
 Neir to return to native land,
 Nae mair wi blythfom sounds
 To boast the glories of that day,
 And schaw their shynand wounds.

300

There on a lee, quhair stands a crofs,
 Set up for monument,
 Thousands fu fierce that summer's day
 Fill'd kene Wars black intent.
 Let Scots, quhile Scots, praise Hardyknute,
 Let Norse the name ay dried :
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he spair'd,
 Sal latest ages reid.

305

310

On Norway's coast the widow't dame
 May wash the rocks wi teirs,
 May lang luke owre the schiples seis
 Before hir mate appeirs.
 Ceise, Emma, ceise to hope in vain ;
 Thy Lord lyis in the clay ;
 The valziant Scots nae rievers thole
 To carry lyfe away.

315

320

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the nicht, eir Hardyknute
 Wan neir his stately towir.

His towir that us'd with torches bleise 325
 To shyne fae far at nicht,
 Seem'd now as black as mourning weid;
 Nae marvel fair he sich'd.

“ Thair's nae licht in my lady's bowir,
 “ Thair's nae licht in my ha; 33^o
 “ Nae blink schynes round my Fairly fair,
 “ Nor ward stands on my wa.
 “ Quhat bodes it ? Robert---Thomas, say ?”---
 Nae answær fits their dried.
 “ Stand back, my fons, I'll be zour gyde :” 335
 But by they past wi speid.

“ As fast I ha sped owr Scotland's faes---”
 There ceis'd his brag of weir,
 Sair sham'd to mind ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair. 34^o
 Black feir he felt, but wha to feir
 He wist nae yet wi dreid :
 Sair shuke his body, fair his limbs,
 And a' the warriour flied.

PART II.

“ RETURN, return, ye men of bluid,
 “ And bring me back my chylde !”
 A dolefu voice frae mid the ha
 Recul’d wi echoes wylde.
 Bestraught wi dule and dreid, nae pouir 5
 Had Hardyknute at a ;
 Full thrise he raught his ported spier,
 And thrise he let it fa.

“ O haly God, for his deir sake,
 “ Wha sav’d us on the rude” — 10
 He tint his praier, and drew his glaive,
 Yet reid wi Norland bluid.
 “ Brayd on, brayd on, my stalwart sons,
 “ Grit cause we ha to feir ;
 “ But ay the canny fierce contemn 15
 “ The hap they canna veir.”

“ Return, return, ye men of bluid,
 “ And bring me back my chylde !”
 The dolefu voice frae mid the ha
 Recul’d wi echoes wylde. 20

The storm grew ryfe, throuch a the lift
 The rattling thunder rang
 The black rain shour'd, and lichtning glent
 Their harnisine alang.

What feir possest their boding breests 25
 Whan, by the gloomy glour,
 The castle ditch wi deed bodies
 They saw was fill'd out owr !
 Quoth Hardyknute, " I wold to Chryste
 " The Norse had wan the day, 30
 " Sae I had keipt at hame but anes,
 " Thilk bluidy feats to stay."

Wi speid they past, and syne they recht
 The base-courts sounding bound ;
 Deip groans sith heard, and throuch the mirk 35
 Luk'd wistfully around.
 The moon, frae hind a fable cloud,
 Wi sudden twinkle shane,
 Whan, on the caldriff eard, they fand
 The gude Sir Mordac layn. 40

Besprent wi gore, fra helm to spur,
 Was the trew-heartit knicht ;
 Swith frae his steid sprang Hardyknute
 Muv'd wi the heavy ficht.
 " O say, thy master's sheild in weir, 45
 " His sawmen in the ha,
 " What hatefu chance cold ha the pouir
 " To lay thy eild fae law !"

To his complaint the bleiding knicht
 Return'd a piteous mane,
 And recht his hand, whilk Hardyknute
 Claucht streitly in his ain :
 " Gin eir ye see lord Hardyknute,
 " Frae Mordac ye maun say,
 " Lord Draffan's treasoun to confute
 " He us'd his steddiest fay."

50

55

He micht na mair, for cruel deth
 Forbad him to proceid ;
 " I vow to God, I winna sleip
 " Till I see Draffan bleid.
 " My souns, your suster was owr fair :
 " But bruik he fall na lang
 " His gude betide ; my last forbode
 " He'll trow belyve na fang..

60

" Bown ye my eydent friends to kyth
 " To me your luve sae deir ;
 " The Norse' defeat mote weill persuade
 " Nae riever ye neid feir."
 The speirmen wi a mighty shout,
 Cry'd, " Save our master deir !
 " While he dow beir the fway bot care
 " Nae riever we fall feir."

65

70

" Return, return, ye men of bluid,
 " And bring me back my chylde !"
 The dolefu voice frae mid the ha
 Recul'd wi echoes wylde.

75

“ I am to wyte, my valiant friends :”
 And to the ha they ran ;
 The stately dore full streitly steiked
 Wi iron boltis thrie they fand.

The stately dore, thouch streitly steiked 80
 Wi waddin iron boltis thrie,
 Richt fune his might can eitly gar
 Frae aff its hinges flie.

“ Whar ha ye tane my dochter deir ?
 “ Mair wold I see her deid,
 “ Than see her in your bridal bed,
 “ For a your portly meid.

“ What thouch my gude and valiant lord
 “ Ly stretcht on the cauld clay ?
 “ My souns the dethe may ablins spair 90
 “ To wreak their sister’s wae.”
 Sae did she crune wi heavy cheir,
 Hyt luiks, and bleirit eyne ;
 Then teirs first wet his manly cheik
 And snowy baird bedeene. 95

“ Na riever here, my dame sae deir,
 “ But your leil lord you see ;
 “ May hiest harm betide his life
 “ Wha brocht sic harm on thee !
 “ Gin anes ye may believe my word, 100
 “ Nor am I us’d to lie,
 “ By day-prime he or Hardyknute
 “ The bluidy death shall die.”

The ha, whar late the linkis bricht
 Sae gladsum shin'd at een, 105
 Whar penants gleif a gowden bleife
 Our knichts and ladys shene,
 Was now fae mirk, that, throuch the bound,
 Nocht mote they wein to see
 Alse throuch the southren port the moon 101
 Let fa a blinkand glie.

“ Are ye in suith my deir luv'd lord ! ”
 Nae mair she docht to fay,
 But swounit on his harnest neck
 Wi joy and tender fay. 115
 To see her in sic balefu sort,
 Revived his felcouth feirs ;
 But sune she raif'd her comely luik,
 And saw his fa'ing tears.

“ Ye are nae wont to greit wi wreuch, 120
 “ Grit cause ye ha I dreid ;
 “ Hae a our sons their lives redem'd
 . “ Frae furth the dowie feid ?
 “ Saif are our valiant sons, ye fee,
 “ But lack their sister deir ; 125
 “ When she's awa, bot any doubt,
 “ We ha grit cause to feir.”

“ Of a our wrangs, and her depart,
 “ Whan ye the suith fall heir,
 “ Na marvel that ye ha mair cause, 130
 “ Than ye yit weit, to feir.

“ O wharefore heir yon feignand knicht
 “ Wi Mordac did you fend?
 “ Ye funer wald ha perced his heart,
 “ Had ye his etting kend.”

135

“ What may ye mein my peirles dame ?
 “ That knicht did muve my ruthe
 “ We balefu mane ; I didna doubt
 “ His curtesie and truthe.
 “ He maun ha tint wi fma renown
 “ His life in this fell relief ;
 “ Richt fair it grieves that he heir
 “ Met sic an ill relief.”

140

Quoth she, wi teirs that down her cheiks
 Ran like a silver shouir,
 “ May ill befa the tide that brocht
 “ That fause knicht to our tour :
 “ Ken ye na Drafan’s lordly port,
 “ Thouch cled in knightly graith,
 “ Tho hidden was his hautie luik,
 “ The visor black benethe ?
 “ Now, as I am a knicht of-weir,
 “ I thocht his seeming trew ;
 “ But, that he fae deceived my ruthe,
 “ Full fairly he fall rue.”
 “ Sir Mordac to the sounding ha
 “ Came wi his cative fere ;”
 “ My fire has fent this wounded knicht
 “ To pruve your kyndlie care.

145

150

155

“ Your sell maun watch him a the day, 160
 “ Your maids at deid of night ;
 “ And Fairly fair his heart maun cheir
 “ As she stands in his ficht.”
 “ Ne funer was Sir Mordac gane,
 “ Than up the featour sprang ;” 165
 “ The lufe alse o your dochtir deir,
 “ I feil na ither pang.

“ Tho Hardyknute lord Draffan’s suit
 “ Refus’d wi mickle pryde ;
 “ By his gude dame and Fairly fair 170
 “ Let him not be deny’d.”
 “ Nocht muvit wi the cative’s speech,
 “ Nor wi his stern command ;
 “ I treasoun ! cry’d, and Kenneth’s blade
 “ Was glisterand in his hand. 175

“ My son lord Draffan heir you see,
 “ Wha means your sister’s fay
 “ To win by guile, when Hardyknute
 “ Strives in the irie frae.”
 “ Turn thee ! thou riever Baron, turn !” 180
 “ Bauld Kenneth cry’d aloud ;
 “ But, fune as Draffan spent his glaive,
 “ My son lay in his bluid.”

“ I did nocht grein that bluming face
 “ That deth the sae fune sold pale ; 185
 “ Far less that my trew lufe, through me,
 “ Her brither’s death sold wail.

“ But syne ye fey our force to prive,
 “ Our force we fall ye shaw !”

“ Syne the shrill-sounding horn bedeen 194
 “ He tuik frae down the wa.

“ E'er the portculie could be flung,
 “ His kyth the base-court fand ;

“ When scantly o their count a teind
 “ Their entrie might gainstand. 195

“ Richt fune the raging rievers stude
 “ At their fause master's fyde,

“ Wha, by the haly maiden, fware,
 “ Na harm fold us betide.

“ What syne befel ye weil may gues\$, 200
 “ Reft to our eilds delicht.”

“ We fall na lang be reft ; by morne
 “ Sall Fairly glad your ficht.

“ Let us be gane, my sons, or now
 “ Our meny chide our stay ; 205

“ Fareweil my dame ; your dochter's luve
 “ Will fune cheir your effray.”

Then pale pale grew her teirfu cheik ;
 “ Let ane o my sons thrie

“ Alane gyde this emprise, your eild
 “ May ill sic travel drie. 210

“ O whar were I, were my deir lord,
 “ And a my sons, to bleid !

“ Better to bruik the wrang than fae
 “ To wreak the hie misdede.” 215

The gallant Rothsay rose bedeen
 His richt of age to pleid ;
 And Thomas shawd his strenthy speir ;
 And Malcolm mein'd his speid.

“ My sons, your stryfe I gladly see,
 “ But it fall neir be sayne,
 “ That Hardyknute sat in his ha,
 “ And heird his son was slayne.

“ My lady deir, ye neid na feir ;
 “ The richt is on our syde :”
 Sane rising with richt frawart haste
 Nae parly wald he byde.

The lady sat in heavy mude,
 Their tunefu march to heir,
 While, far ayont her ken, the sound
 Na mair mote roun her eir.

O ha ye fein sum glitterand towir,
 We mirrie archers crown'd,
 Wha vaunt to see their trembling fae
 Keipt frae their country's bound ?
 Sic ausum strenth shawd Hardyknute ;
 Sic feim'd his stately meid ;
 Sic pryde he to his meny bald,
 Sic feir his faes he gied.

Wi glie they past our mountains rude,
 Our muirs and moffes weit ;
 Sune as they saw the rising sun,
 On Draffan's touris it gleit.

220

225

230

235

240

O Fairly bricht I marvel fair
 That featour e'er ye lued, 245
 Whase treasoun wrocht your father's bale,
 And shed your brither's blude !

The ward ran to his youthfu lord,
 Wha sleipd his bouir intill :
 " Nae time for sleuth, your raging faes 250
 " Far doun the westlin hill.
 " And, by the libbard's gowden low
 " In his blue banner braid,
 " That Hardyknute his dochtir feiks,
 " And Draffan's dethe, I rede." 255

" Say to my bands of matchless micht,
 " Wha camp law in the dale,
 " To busk their arrows for the fecht,
 " And streitly gird their mail.
 " Syne meit me here, and wein to find 260
 " Nae just or turney play ;
 " Whan Hardyknute braids to the field,
 " War bruiks na lank delay."

His halbrik bright he brac'd bedeen ;
 Fra ilka skaith and harm 265
 Securit by a warlike auld,
 Wi mony a fairy charm.
 A feimly knicht cam to the ha :
 " Lord Draffen I thee braive,
 " Frae Hardyknute my worthy lord, 270
 " To fecht wi speir or glave."

“ Your hautie lord me braves in vain

“ Alane his might to prive,

“ For wha, in singefeat of weir,

“ Wi Hardyknute may strive ?

275

“ But sith he meins our strentth to sey,

“ On case he fune will find,

“ That thouch his bands leave mine in ire,

“ In force they're far behind.

“ Yet cold I wete that he wald yield

280

“ To what bruiks nae remeid,

“ I for his dochter wald nae hain

“ To ae half o my steid.”

Sad Hardyknute apart frae a

Leand on his birnist speir;

285

And, whan he on his Fairly deim'd,

He spar'd nae sich nor teir.

“ What meins the felon cative vile ?

“ Bruiks this reif na remeid ?

39*

“ I scorn his gylefu vows, ein though

“ They recht to a his steid.”

Bound was lord Draffan for the fecht,

Whan lo ! his Fairly deir

Ran frae her hie bouir to the ha

Wi a the speid of feir.

295

Ein as the rudie star of morne

Peirs through a cloud of dew,

Sae did she feim, as round his neck

Her shawy arms she threw.

300

“ O why, O why, did Fairly wair
 “ On thee her thoughtless luve ?
 “ Whase cruel heart can ettle aye
 “ Her father’s dethe to pruve !”

And first he kiss’d her bluming cheik,
 And syne her bosom deir ;
 Than sadly strade athwart the ha,
 And drap’d ae tendir teir.

“ My meinly hide my words wi care,
 “ Gin ony weit to flay
 “ Lord Hardyknute, by hevin I fwear
 “ Wi lyfe he fall nae gae.”

“ My maidens, bring my bridal gowne,
 “ I little trewd yestrene,
 “ To rife frae bonny Draffan’s bed,
 “ His bluidy dethe to fene.”

Syne up to the high baconie
 She has gane wi a her train,
 And fune she saw her stalwart lord
 Attain the bleisifg plain.

Owr Neithan’s weily streim he far’d
 Wi seeming ire and pride ;
 His blason, glisterand owr his helm,
 Bare Allan by his syde.
 Richt fune the bugils blew, and lang
 And bluidy was the fray ;
 Eir hour of nune, that elric tyde,
 Had hundreds tint their day.

305

310

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325

Like beacon bright at deid of night,
The mighty chief muv'd on ;
His basnet, bleising to the sun,
We deidly lichtning shone.

Draffan he socht, wi him at anes
To end the cruel stryfe ;
But aye his speirmen thranging round
Forfend their leider's lyfe.

The winding Clyde wi valiant bluid
Ran reiking mony a mile ;
Few stude the faught, yet dethe alone
Cold end their irie toil.
“ Wha flie, I vow, fall frae my speir
“ Receive the dethe they dreid !”
Cry'd Draffan, as alang the plain
He spurr'd his bluid-red steid.

Up to him fune a knight can prance,
A graith'd in silver mail :
“ Lang have I sought thee throuch the field,
“ This lance will tell my tale.”
Rude was the fray, till Draffan's skill
O'ercame his youthfu' micht ;
Perc'd throuch the visor to the eie
Was slayne the comely knicht.

The visor on the speir was deft,
And Draffan Malcolm speid ;
“ Ye should your wanted speid this day,
“ And not your strenth, ha fey'd.”

330

335

340

345

350

355

“ Cative, awa ye maun na flie,”
 Stout Rothsay cry’d bedeen,
 “ Till, frae my glaive, ye wi ye beir
 “ The wound ye fein’d ye strene.” 360

“ Mair o your kins bluid ha I spilt
 “ Than I docht ever grein ; ”
 “ See Rothsay whar your brither lies
 “ In dethe afore your eyne.”
 Bold Rothsay cry’d wi lion’s rage,
 “ O hatefu cursed deid !
 “ Sae Draffan feiks our sister’s luv,
 “ Nor feirs far ither meid ! ”

Swith on the word an arrow cam
 Frae ane o Rothsay’s band, 370
 And smote on Draffan’s lifted targe ;
 Syne Rothsay’s splent it fand.
 Perc’d through the knie to his fierce steid,
 Wha pranc’d wi egre pain,
 The chief was forc’d to quit the stryfe, 375
 And seik the nether plain.

His minstrels there wi dolefу care
 The bludy shaft withdrew ;
 But that he fae was barr’d the fight,
 Sair did the leider rue. 380
 “ Cheir ye my mirrie men,” Draffan cry’d
 Wi meikle pryde and glie ;
 “ The praisie is ours ; nae chieftan bides
 “ Wi us to bate the grie.”

That hauty boast heard Hardyknute,

385

Whar he lein'd on his speir,

Sair weiried wi the nune tide heat,

And toilsum deids of weir.

The first sicht, when he past the thrang,

Was Malcolm on the swaird :

390

“ Wold hevin that dethe my eild had tane,

“ And thy youtheid had spar'd !

“ Draffan I hen thy ire, but now

“ Thy macht I mein to see.”

But eir he strak the deidly dint,

395

Thy syre was on his knie.

“ Lord Hardyknute, stryke gif ye may,

“ I neir will stryve wi thee ;

“ Forfend your dochter see you slayne

“ Frae whar she fits on hie !

400

“ Yestrene the priest in haly band

“ Me join'd wi Fairly deir ;

“ For her sake, let us part in peace,

“ And neir meet mair in weir.”

“ Oh king of hevin, what feimly speech

405

“ A featour's lips can fend !

“ And art thou he wha baith my sons

“ Brocht to a bluidy end ?

“ Haste, mount thy steid, or I fall licht,

“ And meit thee on the plain ;

410

“ For, by my forbere's faul, we neir

“ Sall part till ane be slayne.”

“ Now mind thy aith,” syne Draffan stout
 To Allan loudly cry’d,
 Wha drew the shynand blade bot dreid, 415
 And perc’d his master’s fyde.

Law to the bleiding eard he fell,
 And dethe fune clos’d his ein.

“ Draffan, till now, I did na ken
 “ Thy dethe cold muve my tein.

“ I wold to Chryste, thou valiant youth,
 “ Thou wert in life again ;
 “ May ill befa my ruthleſs wrauth
 “ That brocht thee to sic pain !

“ Fairly, anes a my joy and pryde, 425
 “ Now a my grief and bale,
 “ Ye maun wi haly maidens byde
 “ Your deidly faut to wail
 “ To Icolm beir ye Draffan’s corfe,
 “ And dochter anes fae deir,
 “ Whar she may pay his heidles lufe
 “ Wi mony a mournfu teir.”

GIL MORRICE.

GIL MORRICE was an erle's son,
 His name it waxed wide :
 It was nae for his great riches,
 Nor zet his meikle pride ;
 Bot it was for a lady gay,
 That liv'd on Carron side.

Quhair fall I get a bonny boy,
 That will win hoes and shoen ;
 That will gae to Lord Barnard's ha',
 And bid his lady cum ? - 10
 And ze maun rin errand, Willie,
 And ze maun rin wi speed ;
 Quhen other boys gae on their foot,
 On horseback ze fall ride.

Oh no ! oh no ! my master dear ! 15
 I dar nae for my life ;
 I'll no gae to the bauld baron's,
 For to triest furth his wife.
 My bird Willie, my boy Willie ;
 My dear Willie, he sayd : 20
 How can ze strive against the stream ?
 For I fall be obey'd.

But, O my master dear ! he cry'd,
 In grene wod ze're zour lain ;
 Gi owre sic thochts, I wald ze rede,
 For fear ze should be tain.

Haste, haste, I say, gae to the ha',
 Bid hir cum here wi' speid :
 If ze refuse my high command,
 'I'll gar zour body bleid.

Gae bid hir tak this gay mantel,
 'Tis a' gowd but the hem ;
 Bid hir cum to the gude grene wode,
 And bring nane but hir lain :
 And there it is, a filken farke,
 Hir ain hand few'd the slieve ;
 And bid hir come to Gil Morrice ;
 Spier nae bauld baron's leave.

Yes, I will gae zour black errand,
 Tho' it be to zour cost ;
 Sen ze by me will nae be warn'd,
 In it ze fall find frost.
 The baron he's a man of might,
 He neir could bide to taunt,
 As ze will see before its night,
 How sma' ze hae to vaunt.

And sen I maun zour errand rin
 Sae fair against my will,
 I'fe mak a vow and keip it trow,
 It fall be done for ill.

25

30

35

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45

50

And when he came to Broken Brigue,
 He bent his bow and swam ;
 And when he came to grafs growing,
 Set down his feet and ran.

And when he cam to Barnard's ha',

55

Would neither chap nor ca' ;
 Bot set his bent bow to his briefst,
 And lightly lap the wa'.

He wadna tell the man his errand,

60

Tho' he stude at the gait ;

Bot straight into the ha' he cam,

Quhair they were set at meit.

Hail ! Hail ! my gentle fire and dame !

My message winna waite ;

Dame, ze maun to the gude grene wod

65

Before that it be late.

Ze're bidden tack this gay mantel,

"Tis a' gowd bot the hem :

Zou maun gae to the gude grene wod,

Ev'n by yoursel alone.

70

And there it is, a filken farke,

Your ain hand few'd the slieve ;

Ze maun gae speik to Gil Morrice ;

Speir nae bauld baron's leive.

The lady stamped wi' hir foot,

75

And winked wi' hir ee ;

Bot a' that she cou'd say or do,

Forbidden he wad nae bee.

It's surely to my bow'r-woman ;
It neir could be to me.

80

I brought it to Lord Barnard's lady ;
I trow that ze be she.

Then up and spack the wylie nurse,
(The bairn upon her knee),

If it be cum from Gil Morrice,
Its dear welcum to mee.

85

Ze leid, ze leid, ze filthy nurse,
Sae loud's I heire ze lee ;

I brought it to Lord Barnard's lady ;
I trow ze be nae shee.

90

Then up and spack the bauld baron,
An angry man was hee ;

He's tain the table wi' his foot,
Sae has he wi' his knee ;

Till silver cup and ezar dish
In flinders he gard flee.

95

Gae bring a robe of zour cliding,
That hings upon the pin ;

And I'll gae to the gude grene wode,
And speik wi' zour lemmann.

100

O bide at hame, now Lord Barnard,
I ward ze bide at hame ;

Neir wyte a man for violence,
That neir wyte ze wi' nane.

Gil Morrice sat in gude grene wode,

105

He whistled and he fang :

O what means a' the folk coming ?

My mother tarries lang.

His hair was like the threds of gowd,

Drawn from Minerva's loome :

His lips like roses drapping dew,

His breath was a perfume.

110

His brow was like the mountain sna

Gilt by the morning beam ;

His cheiks like living roses glow :

115

His een like azure stream.

The boy was clad in robes of grene,

Sweet as the infant spring :

And like the Mavis on the bush,

He gart the vallies ring.

120

The baron came to the grene wode,

Wi' muckle dule and care,

And there he first spied Gil Morrice,

Kaiming his zellow hair,

That sweetly waved round his face,

That face beyond compare :

He fang fae sweet ; it might dispel

A' rage but fell despair.

125

Nae wonder, nae wonder, Gil Morrice,

My lady loed thee weel :

The fairest part of my body

Is blacker than thy heel.

130

Zet zeir-the-leſſ now, Gil Morrice,
 For a' thy great bewty,
 Ze's rew the day ze eir was born ;
 That head fall gae wi' me.

135

Now he has drawn his trusty brand,
 And flaited on the ſtrae ;
 And thro' Gil Morrice' fair body
 He's gard cauld iron gae.
 And he has tain Gil Morrice' head,
 And fet it on a ſpeir :
 The meanest man in a' his train
 Has gotten that head to bear.

140

And he has tain Gil Morrice up,
 Laid him across his ſteid,
 And brought him to his painted bow'r,
 And laid him on a bed.
 The lady sat on caſtil wa',
 Beheld baith dale and doun,
 And there ſhe faw Gil Morrice' head
 Cum trailing to the toun.

145

150

Far better I loe that bluidy head,
 Bot and that zellow hair,
 Than Lord Barnard and a' his lands,
 As they lig here and thair.
 And ſhe has tain her Gil Morrice,
 And kiſſ'd baith mouth and chin :
 I was ance as fow of Gil Morrice
 As the hip is o' the ſtean.

155

160

I got ze in my father's house,
 Wi' mickle sin and shame ;
 I brocht ze up in gude grene wode,
 Under the heavy rain :
 Oft have I by thy craddle fitten,
 And fondly seen thee sleip ;
 Bot now I gae about thy grave,
 The faut teirs for to weip.

165

And syne she kis'd his bluidy cheik,
 And syne his bluidy chin :
 O better I loe my Gil Morrice
 Than a' my kith and kin !
 Away, Away, ze ill woman,
 And an ill deith mait ze dee :
 Gin I had kend he'd been zour son,

170

He'd neir been slain for mee.

175

Obraid me not, my Lord Barnard !
 Obraid me not for shame !
 Wi' that same speir O pierce my heart !
 And put me out o' pain.
 Since naething but Gil Morrice' head
 Thy jealous rage could quell,
 Let that faim hand now tack hir life
 That neir to thee did ill.

180

To me nae afier days nor nichts
 Will eir be faft or kind ;
 I'll fill the air with heavy fighs,
 And greet till I am blind.

185

Enouch of bluid by me's bin spilt,
 Seek not zour death frae mee ; 190
 I rather lourd it had been mysel
 Than cather him or thee.

With waefou wae I hear zour plaint ;
 Sair, fair I rew the deid,
 That eir this cursed hand of mine 195
 Had gard his body bleid.
 Dry up zour tears, my winsom dame,
 Ze neir can heal the wound ;
 Ze see his head upon the speir,
 His heart's blude on the ground. 200

I curse the hand that did the deid,
 The heart that thocht the ill ;
 The feit that bore me wi' sic speid,
 The comely zouth to kill.
 I'll ay lament for Gil Morrice, 205
 As gin he were my ain ;
 I'll neir forget the driery day
 On which the zouth was slain.

EDOM O' GORDON.

It fell about the Martimas,
Quhen the wind blew schrill and cauld,
Said Edom o' Gordon to his men,
We maun draw to a hauld : -

And what a hauld fall we draw to,
My merry men and me ?

We waul gae to the house o' the Rhodes,
To fee that fair ladie.

The ladie stude on her castle wa',
Beheld baith dale and down;
There she was ware of a host of men
Cum ryding towards the toun.

O fee ze not, my mirry men a' ?
O fee ze not quhat I see ?
Methinks I see an host of men :
I merveil quhat they be.

She weend it had been hir luvely lord,
As he came riding hame ;
It was the traitor Edom o' Gordon,
Quha reckt nae fin nor shame.

She had nae sooner buskit hersel,
 And putten on her goun,
 Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
 Were round about the toun.

They had nae sooner supper fett, 25
 Nae sooner said the grace,
 Till Edom o' Gordon and his men
 Were light about the place.

The lady ran up to hir towir head,
 Sae faft as she could drie, 30
 To see if by hir fair speeches
 She could wi' him agree.

But quhan he see this lady saif
 And hir yates all locked faft,
 He fell into a rage of wrath, 35
 And his hart was all aghast.

Cum down to me, ze lady gay,
 Cum doun, come doun to me :
 This night fall ye lig within mine arms,
 To-morrow my bride fall be. 40

I winnae cum doun, ze fals Gordon,
 I winnae cum doun to thee ;
 I winnae forsake my ain dear lord,
 That is fae far frae me.

Give owre zour house, ze lady fair, 45
 Give owre zour house to me,

Or I fall brenn yoursel therein,
Bot and zour babes three.

I winnae give owre, ze fals Gordon,
To nae sic traitor as zee ;
And if ze brenn my ain dear babes,
My Lord fall make ze drie.

But reach my pistol, Glaud, my man,
And charge ze weil my gun :
For, but if I pierce that bluidy butcher,
My babes we been undone.

She stude upon hir castle wa,
And let twa bullets flee :
She mist that bluidy butcher's hart,
And only raz'd his kneec.

Set fire to the houfe, quo' fals Gordon,
All wood wi' dule and ire :
Fals lady, ze fall rue this deid,
As ze brenn in the fire.

Wae worth, wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour fee ;
Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
Lets in the reek to me ?

And een wae worth ze, Jock my man,
I paid ze weil zour hire :

50

55

60

65

70

Quhy pow ze out the ground-wa stane,
To me lets in the fire ?

Ze paid me weil my hire, lady ;

Ze paid me weil my fee :

But now I'm Edom o' Gordon's man,
Maun either doe or die.

75

O than bespak hir little son,

Sate on the nourice' knee :

Says, mither dear, gi owre this house,
For the reek it smithers me.

80

I wad gie a' my gowd, my childe,

Sae wad I a' my fee,

For ane blast o' the westlin wind,
To blaw the reek frae thee.

85

O then bespack hir dochter dear,

She was baith jimp and sma :

O row me in a pair o' sheits,
And tow me owre the wa.

They rowd hir in a pair o' sheits,

And towd her owre the wa :

But on the point of Gordon's speir,
She gat a deadly fa.

90

O bonnie bonnie was her mouth,

And cherry wer hir cheiks,

95

And clear clear was hir zellow hair,
Whereon the reid bluid dreips.

Then wi' his spear he turn'd hir owre,
O gin her face was wan !
He said, ze are the first that eir
I wisht alive again. 100

He turn'd her owre and owre again,
O gin her skin was whyte !
I might ha spared that bonny face
To hae been some man's delyte. 105

Busk and boun, my merry men a'
For ill dooms I do gueſſ ;
I cannae luik in that bonnie face,
As it lyes on the graſſ. 110

Thame luiks to freits, my master deir,
Then freits will follow thame :
Let it neir be said 'brave Edom o' Gordon
Was daunted by a dame. 115

But quhen the ladie see the fire
Cum flaming owre hir head,
She wept and kift her children twain,
Sayd, bairns, we been but dead. 115

The Gordon then his bugil blew,
And faid, awa', awa' ;

This houfe o' the Rhodes is a' in flame, 120
 I hauld it time to ga.

O then bespied hir ain dear lord
 As he came owre the lee ;
 He fied his castle all in blaze,
 Sae far as he could see. 125

Then fair, O fair his mind misgave,
 And all his hart was wae :
 Put on, put on, my wighty men,
 Sae fast as ze can gae ;

Put on, put on, my wighty men, 130
 Sae fast as ze can drie ;
 For he that is hindmost of the thrang,
 Sall neir get guide o' me.

Than sum they rade, and sum they rin,
 Fou fast out-owre the bent ; 135
 But eir the foremost could get up,
 Baith lady and babes were brent.

He wrang his hands, he rent his hair,
 And wept in teenefu' muid :
 O traitors, for this cruel deed 140
 Ze fall weip teirs o' bluid.

And after the Gordon he is gane,
 Sae fast as he micht drie ;

And soon i' the Gordon's foul hartis bluid,
He's wroken his dear ladie.

145

JOHNIE ARMSTRANG.

SUM speiks of lords, sum speiks of lairds,
And sicklike men of hie degrie ;
Of a gentleman I sing a sang,
Sumtyme cal'd Laird of Gilnockie.
The king he wrytes a luying letter
Wi' his ain hand sae tenderlie,
And he hath sent it to Johny Armstrang,
To cum and speik with him speedily.

5

The Elliots and Armstrangs did convene ;
They were a gallant companie :
We'll ryde and meit our lawfull king,
And bring him safe to Gilnockie.
Make kinnen and capon ready then,
And venisen in great plentie ;
We'll welcum hame our royal king,
I hope he'll dyne at Gilnockie.

10

15

They ran their horse on the Langum Hawf,
And brake their speirs with meikle main ;
The ladys lekit frae their loft windows,
God bring our men weil back again

24

25

Quhen Johny came before the King,
 With all his men sae brave to see,
 The King he movit his bonnet to him,
 He weind he was a king as well as he.

May I find grace, my sovereign Liege, 25
 Grace for my loyal men and me,
 For my name it is Johnie Armstrang,
 And subject of yours, my Liege, said he.

*Away, away, thou traytor strang,
 Out of my ficht thou mayst fune be,
 I grantit nevir a traytor's lyfe,
 And now I'll not begin wi' thee.*

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a bonny gift I will gi' to thee,
 Full four-and-twenty milk-whyt steids, 35
 Were a' foal'd in a zeir to me.
 I'll gie thee all these milk-whyt steids,
 That prance and nicher at a speir,
 With as meikle gude Inglis gilt,
 As four of their braid backs dow beir. 40

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

Grant me my lyfe, my Liege, my King,
 And a bonny gift I'll gie to thee,
 Gude four-and-twenty ganging mills,
 That gang throw a' the zeir to me. 45

These four-and-twenty mills complete,
 Sall gang for thee throw a' the zeir,
 And as meikle of gude reid quheit,
 As all thair happers dow to beir.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

50

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a great gift I'll gie to thee,
 Bauld four and twenty sisters sons,
 Sall for the fecht tho' a' sould flee

Away, away thou traytor, &c.

55

Grant me my lyfe, my liege, my king,
 And a brave gift I'll gie to thee ;
 All between heir and Newcastle town,
 Sall pay thair zeirly rent to thee.

Away, away, thou traytor, &c.

60

Ze lied, ze lied now, king, he fays,
 Althocht a king and prince ze be ;
 For I luid naithing in all my lyfe,
 I dare well say it, but honesty :
 But a fat horse and a fair woman,
 Twa bonny dogs to kill a deir ;
 But Ingland fuld haif fund me meil and mat
 Gif I had liv'd this hundred zeir.

65

Sche fuld haif fund me meal and malt,
And beef and mutton in all plentie ; 70
But neir a Scots wyfe could haif said,
That eir I skaith'd her a pure flie.
To seik het water beneath cauld yce,
Surely it is a great folie ;
I haif asked grace at a gracless face,
But there is nane for my men and me. 75

But had I kend or I cam frae hame,
How thou unkind wadst bene to me,
I wad haif kept the border-syde,
In spyt of all thy force and thee. 80
Wist Ingland's king that I was tane,
O gin a blyth man wad he be ;
For ance a flew his fister's son,
And on his bries-bane brak a trie.

John wore a girdle abut his middle,
Imbroidred owre wi burning gold, 85
Bespangled wi the same mettle,
Maist bewtiful was to behold.
Thier hang nine targats at Johnie's hat,
And ilka ane worth thrie hundred pound : 90
What wants that knave that a king fuld have,
But the fword of honour and the crown.

O whar got thou these targats Johnie,
That blink sae brawly abune thy brie !
I gat them in the fild fechting, 95
Quher, cruel king, thou durst not be.

Had I my horse and my harness gude,
 And ryding as I wont to be,
 It fuld have been tald this hundred zeir, 100
 The meiting of my king and me.

God be wi' thee, Kirsty, my brither,
 Lang live thou laird of Mangertoun ;
 Lang mayst thou dwell on the border syde,
 Or thou se thy brither ryde up and doun : 105
 And God be wi thee, Kirsty, my son,
 Quhair thou fits on thy nurse's nee ;
 But an thou live this hundred zeir,
 Thy father's better thoult never be.

Farweil, my bonny Gilnockhall, 110
 Quhair on Esk fide thou standest stout :
 Gif I had lieved but seven zeirs mair,
 I wuld haif gilt thee round about,
 John murdred was at Carlingrigg,
 And all his gallant companie ; 115
 But Scotland's heart was neir fo wae,
 To see sae mony brave men die.

Because they fav'd their country deir
 Frae Iuglishmen ; nane were sae bald,
 Quhyle Johnie liv'd on the border syde, 120
 Nane of them durst cum neir his hald.

ZOUNG WATERS.

A
B
OUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
And the round tables began,
A' ! ther is cum to our king's curt
Mony a well-favoured man.

The Quein luikt owre the castle wa,
Beheld baith dale and down,
And then she faw zoun⁵g Waters
Cum ryding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
His horsemen rade behind,
Ane mantel of the burning gowd
Did keip him frae the wind.

Gowden graith'd his horse before,
And filler shod behind ;
The horse zoun¹⁰g Waters rade upon
Was fleeter than the wind.

But then spack a wylie lord,
Unto the queen said he,
O tell me quha's the fairest face
Rides in the companie ?

15

20

I've seen lords, and I've seen lairds,
 And knights of high degree ;
 Bot a fairer face than young Waters
 Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king, 25
 (And an angry man was he),
 O if he had been twice as fair,
 You might have excepted me.

You're neither laird nor lord, she says,
 Eot the king that weirs the crown ; 30
 Ther is not a knight in fair Scotland,
 But to thee maun bow down

For a' that she could do or say,
 Appeaf'd he wadne be ;
 But for the wrds that she had said,
 Young Water he maun die. 35

They hae taen young Waters, and
 Put fetters on his feet ;
 They hae taen young Waters, and
 Thrown him in dungeon deep. 40

Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling towne
 In the wind bot and the weit,
 Bot I neir rade thru Stirling towne
 Wi fetters at my feit.

Aft I hae ridden thru Stirling towne 45
 In the wind bot and the rain.

Bot I neir rade thru Stirling towne
 Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
 His zoun^g son in his craddle.

And they hae taen to the heiding hill
 His horse bot and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding hill
 His lady fair to see.

And for the words the queen had spoke, 55
 Zoun^g Waters he did die.

BONNY BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were a falling,
 That Sir John Græme in the west countrie
 Fell in love wi Barbara Allan.

He sent his man down thro' the town, 5
 To the place where she was dwelling :
 O haft and cum to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan.

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying, 10

And when she drew the curtin by
 Young man, I think you're dying.

O its I'm sick, and very very sick,
 And 'tis a' for Barbara Allan.

O the better for me ye's never be,
 Tho' your heart's blood were a spilling.

15

O dinna ye mind, young man, said she,
 When ye was in the tavern a drinking,
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan ?

20

He turn'd his face into the wa',
 And death was with him dealing,
 Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.

And slowly, slowly raise she up,
 And slowly, slowly left him ;
 And fighing, said, she cou'd not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

25

She had nae gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard the deid-bell ringing,
 And ev'ry jow that the deid-bell gaeid,
 It cry'd, Woe to Barbara Allan !

30

O mother, mother, mak my bed,
 O make it fast and narrow ;
 Since my luve died for me to-day,
 I'll die for him to-morrow.

35

BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
 Oh ! where hae ye been ?
 They hae slain the Earl of Murray,
 And they hae laid him on the green !
They hae, &c.

5

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,
 And wherefore did you fae ?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to slay.
I bade, &c.

10

He was a bra gallant,
 And he rid at the ring ;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh ! he might hae been a king.
And the, &c.

15

He was a bra gallant,
 And he play'd at the ba'
 And the bonny Earl of Murray
 Was the flower amang them a'
And the, &c.

20

He was a bra gallant,
 And he play'd at the gluve :
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh ! he was the queen's luve.

And t'le, &c.

25

Oh ! lang will his lady
 Look o'er the castle Down,
 E'er she see the Earl of Murray
 Cum sounding through the town.

THE YOUNG LAIRD OF OCHILTRIE.

O LISTEN, gude people, to my tale,
 Listen to quhat I tell to thee,
 The king has taiken a poor prisoner,
 The wanton laird of Ochiltree.

Quhen news came to our guidly queen, 5
 She ficht, and said right mournfullie,
 O quhat will cum of lady Margaret,
 Quha beirs sic luve to Ochiltree ?

Lady Margaret tore hir yallow hair,
 Quhen as the queen told hir the faim : 10
 I wis that I had neir bin born,
 Nor neir had known Ochiltree's naim.

Fie na, quoth the queen, that maunna be,

Fie na, that maunna be ;

I'll fynd ze out a better way

15

To saif the lyfe of Ochiltrie.

The queen sche trippet up the stair,

And lowly kneilt upon hir knie :

The first boon quhich I cum to craive

20

Is the life of gentle Ochiltrie.

O if you had asked me castels and towirs,

I wad hae gin thaim twa or thrie :

Bot a' the monie in fair Scotland

Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie.

The queen sche trippet down the stair,

25

And down sche gaed richt mournfullie,

It's a' the monie in fair Scotland

Winna buy the lyfe of Ochiltrie.

Lady Margaret tore her yallow hair,

Quhen as the queen tald hir the saim ;

30

I'll tack a knife and end my lyfe,

And be in the grave as soon as him.

Ah ! na, fie ! na, quoth the queen,

Fie ! na, fie ! na, this maunna be ;

I'll set ze on a better way

35

To loose and set Ochiltrie frie.

The queen she slippet up the stair,

And sche gaid up richt privatly,

And sche has stoun the prison-keys,
And gane and set Ochiltree frie.

40

And sches gien him a purse of gowd,
And another of whyt monie,
Sches gien him twa pistoles by's side,
Saying to him, shute quhen ze win frie.

And quhen he cam to the queen's window,
Quhatten a joyfou shute gae he !

45

Peace be to our royal queen,
And peace be in her companie !

O quhatten a voice is that ? quoth the king,
Quhatten a voice is that ? quoth he,
Quhatten a voice is that ? quoth the king ;
I think its the voyce of Ochiltree.

50

Call to me a' my gaolours,
Call thaim by thirtie and by thrie ;
Quhairfor the morn at twelve a clock
Its hangit schall they ilk ane be.

55

O didna ze send zour keyis to us ?
Ze sent thaim be thirtie and be thrie,
And wi them sent a strait command,
To set at large zoung Ochiltree.

60

Ah ! na, fie ! na, quoth the queen,
Fie, my dear luve ! this maunna be :
And iff ye're gawn to hang thaim a',
Indeed ze maun begin wi me.

The tane was schippit at the pier of Lieth, 65
 The ither at the Queensferrie ;
 And now the lady has gotten hir lufe,
 The winsom laird of Ochiltrie.

LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ANNEN.

LORD THOMAS and fair Annet
 Sat a' day on a hill ;
 Whan nicht was cum, and fun was sett,
 They had not talkt their fill.

Lord Thomas said a word in jest,
 Fair Annet took it ill ;
 A' ! I wull never wed a wyfe
 Against my ain friends wull.

Gif ye wull never wed a wife,
 A wife wull neir wed yee.
 Sae he is hame to tell his mither,
 And knelt upon his knee :

O rede, O rede, mither, he says,
 A gude rede gie to mee :
 O fall I tak the nut-browne bride,
 And let fair Annet bee ?

The nut-browne bride has gowd and gear,
 Fair Annet, she's gat nane ;
 And the little bewtie fair Annet haes,
 O it wull soon be gane !

20

And he has till his brither gane :
 Now, brither, rede ye mee ;
 A' ! fall I marrie the nut browne bride,
 And let fair Annet bee ?

The nut-browne bride has oxen, brither,
 The nut-browne bride has kye ;
 I wad hae ye marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And cast fair Annet bye.

25

Her oxen may die i' the house, Billie,
 And her kye into the byre ;
 And I fall hae naething to myself
 Bot a fat fadge by the fyre.

30

And he has till his sister gane :
 Now, sister, rede ye me :
 O fall I marrie the nut-browne bride,
 And set fair Annet free ?

35

If e rede ye take fair Annet, Thomas,
 And let the brown bride alane ;
 Lest ye sould figh, and say, alace !
 What is this we brought hame ?

40

No, I wull tak my mither's counsel,
 And marrie me owt o' hand ;

And I will tak the nut browne bride ,
Fair Annet may leive the land.

Up then rose fair Annet's father 45
Twa hours or it wer day,
And he is gane into the bower
Wherein fair Annet lay.

Rise up, rise up, fair Annet, he says,
Put on your silken sheene ; 50
Let us gae to St. Marie's kirke,
And see that rich wedden.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dres to me my hair ;
Whair-eir yee laid a plait before, 55
See yee lay ten times mair.

My maides, gae to my dressing-roome,
And dres to me my smoke ;
The one half is o' the holland fine,
The other o' needle-work. 60

The horse fair Annet rade upon,
He amblit like the wind,
Wi' filler he was shod before,
Wi' burning gowd behind.

Four and twenty filler bells 65
Wer a tied till his mane,

Wi' yae tift o' the norland wind,
They tinkled ane by ane.

Four and twenty gay gude knichts
Rade by fair Annet's fide,
And four and twenty fair ladies,
As gin she had been a bride.

And when she cam to Marie's kirke,
She sat on Marie's stean ;
The cleading that fair Annet had on,
It skinkled in their een.

And whan she cam into the kirke,
She skimmer'd like the sun ;
The belt that was about her waist
Was a' wi' pearles bedone.

She sat her by the nut brown bride,
And hir een they wer sae clear,
Lord Thomas he clean forgat the bride,
When fair Annet drew near.

He had a rose into his hand,
He gae it kisses three,
And reaching by the nut-brown bride,
Laid it on fair Annet's knee.

Up then spak the nut-browne bride,
She spak wi' meikle spite ;

70

75

80

85

90

And whair gat ye that rose-water
 That does mak yee fae white ?

O I did get the rose water
 Whair ye will neir get nane ;
 For I did get that very rose-water
 Into my mither's wame.

95

The bride she drew a long bodkin
 Frae out her gay head-gear,
 And strake fair Annet unto the heart,
 That word spak nevir mair.

100

Lord Thomas saw fair Annet wex pale,
 And marvelit what mote be ;
 Bot whan he saw her dear heart's blude,
 A' wood-wroth wexed hee.

He drew his dagger that was fae sharp, 105
 That was fae sharp and meet,
 And drove it into the nut-browne bride,
 That fell deid at his feit.

Now stay for me, dear Annet, he said,
 Now stay, my dear, he cry'd ; 110
 Then strake the dagger untill his heart
 And fell deid by hir side.

Lord Thomas was buryd without kirk-wa',
 Fair Annet within the quiere ;

And o' the tane thair grew a birk,
The other a bonny briere.

115

And ay they grew, and ay they threw,
As they wad fain be neare ;
And by this ye may ken right weil,
They wer twa luvers deare.

120

SIR PATRICK SPENCE.

THE King sits in Dumfermling toun,
Drinking the blude-reid wine :
O quhar wull I get a guid failor,
To fail this fchip of mine ?

Up and spak an eldern knicht,
Sat at the king's richt kne :
Sir Patrick Spence is the best failor,
That fails upon the se.

5

The king has written a braid letter,
And sign'd it wi' his hand ;
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spence,
Was walking on the sand.

10

The first line that Sir Patrick red,
A loud lauch lauched he :

The next line that Sir Patrick red,
The teir blinded his ee.

15

O quha is this has don this deid,
This ill deid don to me ;
To send me out this time o' the zeir,
To fail upon the fe ?

20

Mak haste, mak haste, my mirry men all,
Our guid schip fails the morne.
O say na fae, my master deir,
For I feir a deadlie strome.

Late late yestreen I saw the new moone
Wi' the auld moone in her arme ;
And I feir, I feir, my deir master,
That we will cum to harme.

25

O our Scots nobles wer richt laith
To weet their cork-heild shoone ;
Bot lang or a' the play were play'd
They wat thair heads aboone.

30

O lang, lang, may thair ladies fit
Wi' thair fans into thair hand,
Or eir they fe Sir Patrick Spence
Cum sailing to the land.

35

O lang, lang, may thair ladies stand
Wi' thair gold kems in their hair,

Waiting for thair ain deir lordes,
For they'll se thame nae mair.

49

Haff owre, haff owre to Aberdour,
It's fiftie fadom deip :
And thair lies guid Sir Patrick Spence,
Wi' the Scots lordes at his feit.

SIR JAMES THE ROSE.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs
Of his high warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Rose,
A knicht of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir,
That crowns the mountain's brow ;
And waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yallow flew.

5

The chieftian of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band ;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword,
Beneath his high command.

10

In bloody fecht thrice had he stood,
Against the English keen ;

E'er two and twenty op'ning springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare;
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne,
Was nevir half so fair.

20

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd,
Wi seeming scorn and pride;
Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love,
Her fearful words deny'd.

At last she blefs'd his well-try'd faith,
Allow'd his tender claim:
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

25

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disprov'd,
And bade her wed Sir John the Græme,
And leave the youth she lov'd.

30

Ae night they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where on a bank, beside the burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

35

Conceal'd among the under-wood,
The crafty Donald lay,

The brother of Sir John the Græme,
To hear what they would say.

49

When thus the maid began ; My fire
Your passion disapproves,
And bids me wed Sir John the Græme :
So here must end our loves.

My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand :
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Must bless thee wi her hand.

45

Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd :
But may that happiness be thine
Which I can never taste.

50

What do I hear ? is this thy vow ?
Sir James the Rose reply'd ;
And will Matilda wed the Græme,
Though sworn to be my bride ?

55

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms.
Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
Fast lock'd into his arms.

60

I spake to try thy love, she said ;
I'll ne'er wed man but thee ;

My grave shall be my bridal bed,
E'er Græme my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss, 65
In witness of my troth ;
And every plague become my lot
That day I break my oath !

They parted thus : the sun was set :
Up hasty Donald flies ; 70
And, turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth ;
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew ;
For Donald's blade before his breast, 75
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

‘ This for my brother's slighted love ;
“ His wrongs sit on my arm.”
Three paces back, the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself frae harm. 80

Returning swift, his hand he rear'd
Frae Donald's head above.
And thro' the brain and crashing bones,
His sharp-edg'd weapon drove.

He stagg'ring reel'd ; then tumbled down 85
A lump of breathless clay :

So fall my foes, quo' valiant Rose,
And stately strode away.

Thro' the Green-wood he quickly hy'd
Unto Lord Buchan's hall ;
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call :

Art thou asleep, Matilda dear?
Awake, my love, awake :
Thy luckless lover on thee calls,
A long farewell to take. .

For I have slain fierce Donald Græme ;
His blood is on my sword :
And distant are my faithful men,
Nor can assist their Lord.

To Sky I'll now direct my way,
Where my twa brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles
To combat on my side.

O do not so, the maid replies ;
With me till morning stay :
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous the way.

All night I'll watch you in the park ;
My faithful page I'll send,
To run and raise the Rose's clan,
Their master to defend.

90

95

100

105

110

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
 And wrapp'd him in his plaid,
 While trembling for her lover's fate
 At distance stood the maid.

115

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
 Till in a lowly glen
 He met the furious Sir John Græme
 With twenty or 'is men.

120

Where go'it thou, little page ? he said,
 So late who did thee send ?
 I go to raise the Rose's clan,
 Their master to defend :

For he hatn slain fierce Donald Græme ; 125
 His blood is on his sword ;
 And far, far distant are his men,
 That should assist their lord.

And has he slain my brother dear ?
 The furious Græme replies.
 Dishonour blast my name, but he
 By me e'er morning dies !

130

Tell me where is Sir James the Rose ?
 I will thee well reward.
 He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park ; 135
 Matilda is his guard.

They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,
 And scour'd along the lee :

They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

148

Matilda stood without the gate ;
To whom thus Græme did say,
Saw you Sir James the Rose last night ?
Or did he pass this way ?

Last day at noon, Matilda said,
Sir James the Rose pass'd by :
He furious prick'd his sweaty steed,
And onwards fast did hye :

145

By this he is at Edinburgh
If horse and man hold good.—
Your page then lied, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.

150

She wrung her hands, and tore her hair,
Brave Rose thou art betray'd,
And ruin'd by those means, she cry'd,
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

155

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
The virgin's shrieks he heard ;
And up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

160

Your sword last night my brother flew ;
His blood yet dims its shine :
And e'er the setting of the sun
Your blood shall reek on mine.

165

You word it well, the chief reply'd,
But deeds approve the man :
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

165

Oft boasting hides a coward heart ;
My weighty fword you fear,
Which shone in front in Flowden-field,
When you kept in the rear.

170

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight :
Then Græme gave back, and fear'd his arm, 175
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his fword :
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And fought their haughty lord. 180

Behind him basely came the Græme,
And wounded him in the side :
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his fword not quat the grip, 185
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till thro' his en'my's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree with wind o'erthrown
Fell breathless on the clay ; 19

€

And down beside him sunk the Rose,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall:

O spare his life ! she cry'd ;
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life ;
Let her not be denied.

195

Her well-known voice the hero heard ;
He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies :

200

In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arrest denied :
My race is run—adieu, my love—
Then clos'd his eyes, and died.

The sword yet warm from his left side
With frantic hand she drew :
I come, Sir James the Rose, she cry'd,
I come to follow you !

205

She lean'd the hilt against the ground,
And bar'd her snowy breast ;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.

210

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

FRÆ Dunidier as I cam throuch,
 Doun by the hill of Banochie,
 Alangst the lands of Carioch ?

Grit pitie was to heir and fe
 The noys and dulefum hermonie,
 That evir that dreiry day did daw,
 Cryand the Corynoch on hie,
 Alas ! alas ! for the Harlaw.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
 All folks war in a fiery fairy :
 I wist not quha was fae or friend ;
 Zit quietly I did me carrie.
 But sen the days of auld king Hairie,
 Sic slaughter was not herde nor sene,
 And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
 For bissness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
 To Inverury as I went,
 I met a man, and bad him stay,
 Requeisiting him to make me quaint,

5

10

15

20

Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw;

Then he entreited me tak tent,
And he the truth sould to me schaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim

25

Unto the lands of Ross some richt,
And to the Governor he came,

Thaim for to haif gif that he micht;

Quha saw his interest was but flicht;
And thairfore anfwerit wi disdain;

30

He haftit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald richt impatient

Of that anfwer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowed to God omnipotent,

35

All the haill lands of Ross to haif,

Or ells be graithed in his graif.

He wald not quat his richt for nocht,

Nor be abusit lyk a flait,

That bargain sould be deirly bocht.

40

Then haistyle he did command,

That all his weir-men should convene,
Ilk ane well harnisit frae hand,

To meit and heir quhat he did mein;

He waxit wrath and vowit tein,
Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,

Subdew the burgh of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.

45

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
 Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
 Wi money maid, wi fors and wyls,
 Richt far and neir, baith up and doun,
 Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
 Alangst the lands of Ross he roars,
 And all obey'd at his bandown,
 Evin frae the North to Suthren shoars,

Then all the countrie men did yield ;
 For nae resistans durst they mak,
 Nor offer battil in the feild,
 Be fors of arms to beir him bak ;
 Syne they resolvit all and spak,
 That best it was for thair behoif,
 They sould him for thair chiftain tak,
 Believing well he did them luve.

Then he a proclamation maid
 All men to meet at Inverness,
 Throw Murray land to mak a raid,
 Frae Arthurfyre unto Speyness.
 And furthermair, he sent exprefs,
 To schaw his colours and ensenzie,
 To all and findry, mair and less,
 Throchout the bounds of Byne and Enzie.

And then throw fair Strathbogie land,
 His purpose was for to pursew,
 And quhafoevir durst gainstand,
 That race they should full fairly rew.

Then he bade a' his men be trew,
And him defend by fors and flicht,

And promist them rewardis anew,
And mak them men of meikle micht.

80

Without resistans, as he said,

Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
Qhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
But Garioch was all agast.

Throw all these feilds he sped him fast; 85
For sic a ficht was never sene;

And then, forsuith, he lang'd at last
To see the bruch of Aberdene.

To hinder this proud enterprise,

The stout and mighty Erle of Marr 90
With all his men in arms did ryse,

Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar,
And down the syde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene

To fecht, or Donald came sae nar 95
The royal bruch of Aberdene.

And thus the martial Erle of Mar,

Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoir the enemie was awarr,

His banner bauldly did display. 100

For weil enewch they kend the way,
And all their semblance weil they faw,
Without all dangir, or delay,
Cum haistily to the Harlaw.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvy, 105

Of Angus sheriff principall,

The constabill of gude Dunde,

The vanguard led before them all.

Suppose in number they war small,

Thay first richt bauldlie did persew, 110

And maid thair faes before them fall,

Quha then that race did fairly rew.

And then the worthy Lord Salton,

The strong undoubted laird of Drum,

The stalwart laird of Lauristone,

With ilk thair forces all and sum :

Panmuir with all his men did cum ;

The provost of braif Aberdene,

Wi trumpets and wi tuicke of drum,

Came schortly in thair armour schene. 120

These with the Erle of Marr came on,

In the reir-ward richt orderlie,

Thair enemies to set upon ;

In awful manner hardily,

Togither vowit to live and die,

Since they had marchit mony mylis

For to suppress the tyrannie

Of doubted Donald of the Yles. 125

But he in number ten to ane,

Richt subtilie alang did ryde,

With Malcomtofch and fell Maclean,

With all thair power at thair syde,

Prefumeand on thair strength and pryde,
Without all feir or ony aw,

135

Richt bauldlie battil did abyde,
Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,

The dandring drums aloud did tuik,
Baith armies byding on the bounds,

Till ane of them the feild suid bruik.

140

Nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
Fers was the fecht on ilka syde,

And on the ground lay mony a bouk
Of them that thair did battill byd.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,

145

The bluidy battill lastit lang,
Each man his nibours fors thair felt;

The weakest aft times gat the wrang:

Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,

150

That Echo maid a dulefull fang,
Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

But Donald's men at last gaif back;

For they wer all out of array.

The Erle of Marr's men throw them brak,

155

Pursewing sharply in thair way,

Thair enemys to tak or slay,

Be dynt of fors to gar them yield,

Quha war richt blyth to win away,

And sae for feirdness tint the field.

160

Then Donald fled, and that full faist,
 To mountains hich for all his micht ;
 For he and his war all agaist,
 And ran till they war out of sicht ;
 And sae of Ross he lost his richt, 165
 Thocht mony men with him he brocht
 Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
 And all he wan was dearly bocht.

This is (quod he) the richt report
 Of all that I did hear and knew, 170
 Thocht my discourse be sumthing schort,
 Tak this to be a right suthe saw ;
 Contrarie God and the king's law,
 Thair was spilt meikle Christian blude,
 Into the battil of Harlaw : 175
 This is the sum ; sae I conclude.

But zit a bonny quhyle abyde,
 And I fall mak thee clearly ken
Quhat slauchter was on ilka syde,
 Of Lowland and of Highland men, 180
Quha for thair awin haif evir been :
 These lazie lowns micht weil be spair'd,
 Cheffit lyke deirs into their dens,
 And gat thair wages for reward.

Malcomtoſh of the clan heid cheif,
 Maclean with his grit haughty heid,
 With all thair succour and relief,
 War dulefully dung to the deid ; 185

And now we are freid of thair feid,
They will not lang to come agen ;

Thousands with them without remeid,
On Donald's syde that day war slain.

190

And on the other syde war lost,
Into the feild that dismal day,
Chief men of worth (of meikle cost)

195

To be lamentit fair for ay :
The Lord Salton of Rothemay,
A man of micht and meikle main ;
Grit dolour was for his decay,
That sae unhappylie was slain.

200

Of the best men amang them was,
The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
The sheriff-principall of Angus ;

Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie ;
He had few fallows in the feild,
Zet fell by fatal destinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

205

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knicht,
Grit constabill of fair Dunde,

210

Unto the duleful deith was dicht ;

The king's chief bannerman was he,
A valziant man of chevalrie,
Quhais predecessors wan the place

At Spey, wi gude King William frie,
Gainst Murray and Macduncan's race.

215

Gude Sir Alexander Irving,
 The much renownit laird of Drum,
 Nane in his days was better fene,
 Quhen they war semblit all and sum ; 229
 To praise him we shold not be dum,
 For valour, witt, and worthyness,
 To end his days he ther did cum,
 Quhois ransom is remeidyless.

And thair the knight of Lauriston 225
 Was slain into his armour schene,
 And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
 Quha provost was of Aberdene,
 The knicht of Panmure, as was fene,
 A mortal man in armour bricht, 230
 Sir Thomas Murray stout and kene,
 Left to the warld their last gude nicht.

Thair was not sen king Kenneth's days
 Sic strange intestine crewel stryfe
 In Scotland fene, as ilk man says, 235
 Quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe ;
 Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
 And mony children fatherleſſ,
 Quhilk in this realme has been full ryfe :
 Lord help these lands, our wrangs redrefſ ! 240

In July, on Saint James his even,
 That four and twenty dismal day,
 Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven
 Of zeirs sen Chryst, the suthe to say ;

Men will remember as they may,
Quhen thus the veritie they knaw,
And mony aane may mourn for ay,
The brim battil of the Harlaw.

245

248

BINNORIE.

To preserve the tone as well as the sense of this Ballad, the burden should be repeated through the whole, though it is here omitted for the sake of conciseness.

THERE were twa sisters liv'd in a bouir ;
Binnorie, O binnorie !
Their father was a baron of pouir,
By the bonny mildams of Binnorie.
The youngest was meek, and fair as the May, 5.
Whan she springs in the east wi the gowden day !
The eldest austern as the winter cauld,
Ferce was her faul, and her feiming was bald.
A gallant squire cam sweet Isabel to wooe ;
Her sister had naething to luve I true ; 10
But fill'd was she wi dolour and ire,
To see that to her the comelie squire
Preferr'd the debonair Isabel :
Their hevin of luve of spyte was her hell,
Till ae ein she to her sister can say, 15
“Sweit sister, cum let us wauk and play.”

They wauked up, and they wauked down,
Sweit fang the birdis in the vallie loun!

Whan they came to the roaring lin,
She drove unwitting Isabel in.

“ O sister ! sister ! tak my hand,

“ And ye fall hae my silver fan ;

“ O sister ! sister ! tak my middle,

“ And ye fall hae my gowden girdle.”

Sumtimes she fank, sumtimes she swam, 25

Till she cam to the miller’s dam :

The miller’s dochter was out that ein

And saw her rowing down the streim.

“ O father deir ! in your mill dam

“ There is either a lady or a milk white swan !”

Twa days were gane whan to her deir

Her wraith at deid of nicht cold appeir :

“ My luve, my deir, how can ye sleip,

“ Whan your Isabel lyes in the deip ?

“ My deir, how can you sleip bot pain,

“ Whan she by her cruel sister is slain ?”

Up raife he sune in frichtfu mude,

“ Busk ye, my meiny, and feik the flude.”

They socht her up and they socht her doun,

And spy’d at last her glisterin gown :

They rais’d her wi richt meikle care ;

Pale was her cheik, and grein was her hair !

“ Gae, faddle to me my swiftest steid,

“ Her fere, by my fae, for her death fall bleid.”

A page cam rinning out owr the lie,

“ O heavie tiding I bring ! quoth he

23

25

35

40

45

" My luvely lady is far awa gane,
 " We weit the fairy hae her tane ;
 " Her sister gaed wood wi dule and rage,
 " Nocht cold we do her mind to suage. 50
 " O Isabel ! my sister !" she wold cry,
 " For thee will I weip, for thee will I die !"
 " Till late yestreene in an elric hour
 " She lap frae aft the hichest touir."—
 " Now sleip she in peace !" quoth the gallant
 squire,
 " Her dethe was the maist that I cold require 56
 " But I'll main for thee my Isabel deir,
 " Binnorie, O Binnorie !
 " Full mony a dreiry day, bot weir,
 " By the bonny mildams of Binnorie." 60

THE DEATH OF MENTEITH.

S_HRILLY shriek'd the raging wind,
 And rudely blew the blast ;
 Wi awsum blink, through the dark ha,
 The speidy lichtning past.

" O hear ye nae, frae mid the loch, 5
 " Arise a deidly grane ?
 " Sae ever does the spirit warn,
 " Whan we sum dethe maun mane.

“ I feir, I feir me, gude Sir John,

“ Ye are nae safe wi me :

“ What wae wald fill my heart gin ye

“ Sold in my castle die !”

“ Ye neid nae feir, my leman deir,

“ I’m ay safe when wi thee ;

“ And gin I maun nae wi thee live,

“ I here wad wish to die.”

His man cam rinning to the ha

Wi wallow cheik belyve :

“ Sir John Menteith, your faes are neir,

“ And ye maun flie or strive.

“ What count syne leads the cruel knight ?”

“ Thrie speirmen to your ane :

“ I red ye flie, my master deir,

“ Wi speid, or ye’ll be slain.”

“ Tak ye this gown, my deir Sir John,

“ To hyde your shyning mail :

“ A boat waits at the hinder port

“ Owr the braid loch to fail.”

“ O whatten a piteous shriek was yon

“ That sough’d upo’ my eir ?”

“ Nae piteous shriek I trow, ladie,

“ Bot the rough blast, ye heir.”

They focht the castle, till the morn,

Whan they were bown to gae,

They saw the boat turn'd on the loch,
Sir John's corse on the brae.

36

FLODDEN FIELD.

FROM Spey to the border was peace, and good
order,
The sway of our monarch was mild as the May,
Peace be adored, whilk Soudrons abhorred.
Our marches they plunder, our wardens they slay.

'Gainst Louis our ally their Henry did sally, 5.
'Tho' James but in vain did his herald advance,
Renouncing alliance, and denouncing defiance
To Soudrons, if langer abiding in France.

Many were the omens our ruin was coming,
E'er the flower of our nation was call'd to array:
Our king at devotion St. Andrew did caution, 11
And sigh'd as with sorrow he to him did say,

Sir, in this expedition you must have ambition;
From the company of all women you shou'd keep
away.

When the spestre this declar'd, it quickly disap-
pear'd; 15
But where it retired no man could espy

The flow'rs of the nation were call'd on their
station,
Wi valiant inclination their banner to display ;
To Burrow Muir resorting, their right for sup-
porting,
And there rendevouzing, encamped did lay. 20

But another bad omen, that vengeance was com-
ing,
At midnight, in Edinburgh, a voice loud did cry,
As heralds, in their station, wi loud procla-
mation,
Did name all our barons in England to die.

These words the demon spoke, at the throne of
Plotcock, 25
It charged their appearing, appointing the day.
The provost, in its hearing, the summons greatly
fearing,
Appeal'd to his Maker, the same did deny.

At this was many griev'd, as many disbeliev'd ;
But forward they marched to the destiny ; 30
From thence to the border they march'd in good
order ;
The Merse men and Forest they join'd the array.

England's invasion, it was their persuasion,
To make restitution for their cruelty.
But O fatal Flodoun ! there came the wo down ;
And our royal nation was brought to decay. 36

After spoiling and burning, many hameward returning,
With our king still the nobles and vassals abide.

To Surry's proud vaunting he answers but daunting;
The king would await him whatever betide. 40

The English advanced to where they were stanced;
Half entrenched by nature, the field it so lay;
To fight the English fearing, and sham'd their
retiring:

But alas ! unperceived was their subtilty.

Our Highland battalion, so forward and valiant 45
They broke from their ranks, and they rush'd on
to slay :

With hacking and flashing, and broad swords a-
dashing,

Thro' the front of the English they cut a full way.

But alas to their ruin ! an ambush pursuing,
They were surrounded with numbers too high : 50
The Merse men and Forest, they suffer'd the forest,
Upon the left wing was inclosed the same way.

Our men into parties, the battle in three quarters,
Upon our main body the marksmen did play :
The spearmen were surrounded, and all was con-
founded ; 55

The fatal devastation of that woful day !

Our nobles all ensnared, our king he was not spared;
For of that fate he shared, and would not run away:

The whole were intercepted, that very few escaped
The fatal conflagration of that woful day. 60

This set the whole nation into grief and vexation:
The widows did weep, and the maidens did say,
Why tarries my lover? the battle's surely over:
Is there none left to tell us the fates of the day?

I've heard a lilting at our ewes milking, 65
Lasses a-lilting afore the break of day:
But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our bra foresters are a' wed away.

At buchts i' the morning nae blyth lads are
scorning:
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae: 70
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but fighing and fabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglen, and hies her away.

At e'en in the gloomin nae swankeys are roaming,
Mang stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane fits dreary, lamenting her deary, 75
The flowers of the forest that are wed away.

In herst at the shearing nae younkers are jeering:
The bansters are lyart, runkled, and gray.
At fairs nor at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleech-
ing,
Since our bra Foresters are a' wed away. 80

O dool for the order sent our lads to the border!
The English for anes by guile got the day:

The flowers of the forest that ay shone the foremost,
The prime of our land, lyes cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes milking :
The women and bairns are dowie and wae, 86
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning,
Since our bra Foresters are a' weda way.

I've seen the smiling of fortune beguiling ;
I've felt all her favours, and found her decay. 90
Sweet is her blessing, and kind her carressing ;
But now it is fled, it is fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest both pleasant and gay :
Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the
air perfuming ; 95
But now they are withered, and all gone away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorn-
ing,
And loud tempest storming before mid-day :
I have seen Tweed's silver streams shining i' the
funny beams,
Grow drumly and dark as it roll'd on the way. 100

O fickle fortune ! why this cruel sporting ?
Why thus perplexing poor sons of a day ?
Thy frowns cannot fear me, nor smiles cannot
cheer me,
Since the flowers of the forest are a' weda away.

THE BATTLE OF REID-SQUAIR.

ON July seventh, the futhere to say,
 At the Reid-Squair the tryft was fet.
 Our wardens they affixt the day,
 And as they promist, sae they met :
 Allace ! that day I'll neir forget,
 Was sure sae feir'd, and then sae fain,
 They cam thair justice for to get,
 Will nevir grein to cum again.

Carmichael was our warden then ;
 He causit the countrey to convene,
 And the laird Watt, that worthy man,
 Brocht in his surname, weil be fene :
 The Armstrongs that ay haif bene
 A hardy house, but not a hail ;
 The Elliot's honours to mentain,
 Brought in the laif of Liddisdale.

Then Twidail came to with speid,
 The Scheriff brocht the Douglas doon,
 With Cranflane, Gledstane, gude at neid,
 Baith Rews-water and Hawick town.

3

10

15

20

Beangeddert bauldly maid him boun,
With all the Trumbles strang and stout;

The Ruthirfuirds, with grit renoun,
Convoyit the town of Jedbruch out.

With other clanns I can nocht tell,

25

Because our wairning was nocht wyde,
Be this our folk hes tane the fell,

And plantit pallions thair to byde:

We lukit down the uther syde,

And faw cum briefsing ovr the brae,

30

And Sir George Foster was thair gyde,
With fyftene hundrid men and mae.

It greivt him fair that day I trow,

With Sir John Hinrome of Schipfydehouse,
Because we were not men enow,

35

He counted us not worth a soufe;

Sir George was gentil, meik, and doufe,
But he was hail and het as fyre:

But zet for all his cracking crouse
He rew'd the raid of the Reid Squyre.

40

To deil wi proud men is but pain,

For ether ze maun fecht or flie,
Or els nae answere mack again,

But play the beist, and let him be.

It was nae wondir tho' he was hie,
Had Tyndall, Redfdaile at his hand,

45

With Cuckfdaile, Gladfdaile on the lie,
And Hebsfrime and Northumberland.

Zit was our meiting meik enough, 50
 Begun wi merriness and mows,
 And at the brae abune the heugh
 The clerk sat doun to call the rows,
 And sum for ky and sum for ewis,
 Callit in of Dandrie Hob and Jock,
 I saw cum merching owre the knows, 55
 Fyve hundred Fennicks in a flock.

Wi jack and speir, and bowis all bent,
 And warlike weapons at their will ;
 Howbeit they wer not weil content,
 Zit be me trouth we feird nae ill : 60
 Sum zeid to drink, and sum stude still,
 And sum to cards and dyce them sped,
 Quhyle on ane Farstein they fyld a bill,
 And he was fugitive that fled.

Carmichael bad them speik out plainly, 65
 And cloke nae cause for ill nor gude ;
 The uther answering him full vainly,
 Begouth to reckon kin and blude ;
 He raife and rax'd him quhair he stude,
 And bade him match him wi his marrows ; 70
 Then Tyndal hard these reseuns rude,
 And they lute aff a flight of arrows.

Then was ther nocht but bow and speir,
 And ilka man pullit out a brand,
 A Schaftan and a Fennick their, 75
 Gude Symington was slain frae hand.

The Scotismen cryd on uther to stand,
Frae tyme they saw John Robson slain :

Quhat fuld they cry ! The King's command
Could cause nae coward turn again. 80

Up raise the laird to rid the cumber,
Quhilk wald not be for all his boist,
Quhat fuld we do wi sic a number,
Fyve thoufand men into an hoist ?

Then Henry Purdie proud hes cost,
And verie narrowlie had mischiefd him,
And ther we hed our Warden lost,
Wart not the grit God he reliv'd him.

Ane uther throw the breiks him bair,
Quhyle flatlines to the ground he fell : 90
Then thocht I, we had lost him thair,

Into my heart it struck a knell ;
Zit up he raise, the truth to tell,
And laid about him dunts full dour ;
His horfemen they faucht stout and snell, 95
And stude about him in the stour.

Then rais'd the slogan with an schout,
Fy, Tyndall to it, Jedburgh heir :
I trow he was not half sae flout,
But anes his stomak was asteir, 100
With gun and genzie, bow and speir,
He micht se mony a crakit crown,
But up amang the merchant geir,
They busie wer as we wer doun.

The swallow-tails frae teckles flew, 105

Fyve hundred slain into the flight,

But we had pestellets anew,

And schot amang them as we micht.

With help of God the game gade richt,

Frae tyme the foremost of them fell ; 110

Hynd owre the know, without gude-nicht,

They ran with mony a schout and zell.

And after they had turn'd again,

Zit Tyndall's men they turn'd again,

And had not bene the merchant packs, 115

There had bene mae of Scotland slain :

But Jefu gif the folk was fain

To put the buffing on thair theis,

And sae they fled with all thair maiv,

Doun owir the brae, lyke clogged beis 120

Sir Francis Rufiel tane was thair,

And hurt, as we heir men reherse ;

Proud Wallingtoun was wounded fair,

Albeit he was a Fennick fierce ;

But gif ze wald a souldier ferche 125

Amang them all was tane that night,

Was nane sae wordie of our verse

As Colingwood, that courteous knight.

Zung Henry skapit hame, is hurt,

A souldier schot him with a bow, 130

Scotland has cause to make great sturt,

For laiming of the Laird of Mow.

The Laird Watt did weil indeid,
His friends stude stoutly by himsell,

With little Gladstane, gude in neid, 135
For Gretein kend not gude be ill.

The Scheriff wantit not gude will,
Howbeit he might not fecht sae fast :

Benjeadert, Hundlie, and Hunthill,

Three, on they laid weil at the last, 140
Except the horsemen of the gaird ;

If I could put men to avail,

Nane stoutlier stude out for their laird,
Nor did the lads of Liddisdale.

But little harnes had we thair,

But auld Badrule had on a jack,
And did richt weill, I zou declair,

With all the Trumbulls at his back.

Gude Ederstane was not to lack,
With Kirkton, Newtoun, nobill man ; 150

Thir is all the specials I haif spack,
Forby them that I could nocht ken.

Quha did invent that day of play,

We neid nocht feir to find him fune ;
For Sir John Foster, I dare weil say,

Maid us that noysome afternune :

Not that I speik precisely out,
That he suppos'd it wald be perill,

But prude and breaking out, but dout,
Gart Tyndall lads begin the quarrell. 160

CHEVY-CHACE.

GOD prosper long our noble king,
 Our lives and safeties all ;
A woeful hunting once there did
 In Chevy-chace befall ;

To drive the deere with hound and horne, 5
 Earl Percy took his way ;
 The child may rue that is unborne,
 The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
 A vow to God did make, 10
 His pleasure in the Scottish woods
 Three summer days to take ;

The cheefest harts in Chevy-Chace
 To kill and beare away.

These tydings to Earl Douglas came, 15
 In Scotland, where he lay :

Who sent Earl Percy present word,
 He would prevent his sport.
 The English earl not fearing this,
 Did to the woods resort, 20

With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
 All chosen men of might,
 Who knew full well in time of neede,
 To aime their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds quickly ran, 25
 To chase the fallow-deere :
 On Monday they began to hunt,
 E'er day-light did appear ;

And long before high noon, they had
 Au hundred fat buckes slaine ; 30
 Then having din'd, the drovers wont
 To rouze them up again.

The bow-men muster'd on the hills,
 Well able to endure ;
 Their backsides all, with special care, 35
 That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods.
 The nimble deere to take,
 And with their cryes the hills and dales
 An echo shrill did make. 40

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
 To view the tender deere ;
 Quoth he, Earl Douglas promised
 This day to meet me heere :

But if I thought he would not come, 45
 No longer would I stay.

With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say :

Loe yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our sight ;

50

All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Faft by the river Tweede.
Then ceafe your sport, Earl Percy said,
And take your bows with speede :

55

And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance ;
For never was there champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

60

That ever did on horseback come,
But if my hap it were,
I durft encounter man for man,
With him to break a speare.

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold :

65

Show me, sayd he, whose men you bee,
That hunt fae boldly heere,

70

That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deere ?

The man that first did answer make,
Was noble Percy hee ;
Who sayd, We lift not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we bee : 75

Yet will we spend our deerefest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say, 80

E'er thus I will out-braved bee,
One of us two shall dye :
I know thee well, an earl thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I ;

But trust me, Percy, pity it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our harmlesse men,
For they have done no ill. 85

Let thou and I the battel trye,
And set our men aside.
Accurs'd bee hee, Lord Percy sayd,
By whom this is denied. 90

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Wotherington was his name,

Who said, I wold not have it told 95
 To Henry our king for shame,

That e'er my captaine fought on foote,
 And I stood looking on.
 You bee two earls, sayd Witherington,
 And I a squire alone : 100

I'll doe the best that doe I may,
 While I have power to stand :
 While I have power to weeld my fword,
 I'll fight with heart and hand.

Our English archers bent their bowes, 105
 Their hearts were good and trew ;
 At the first flight of arrows fent,
 Full threescore Scots they flew.

To drive the deere with hound and horn,
 Earl Douglas had the bent ; 110
 Two captaines mov'd with mickle pride ;
 Their speares to shivers went.

They clos'd full fast on everye fide,
 No slackness there was found ;
 And many a gallant gentleman 115
 Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ ! It was a grieve to see,
 And likewise for to heare,

The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

120

At last these two stout earles did meet,
Like captaines of great might ;
Like lyons wood, they layd on load,
And made a cruel fight :

They fought untill they both did sweat,
With swrdes of temper'd steele ;
Untill the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling downe did feele.

125

Yeeld thee, Lord Percy, Douglas sayd ;
In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced bee
By James our Scottish king :

130

Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight
That ever I did see.

135

No, Douglas, quoth earl Percy then,
Thy proffer I doe scorne ;
I will not yeelde to any Scot,
That ever yet was borne.

140

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,

Which strucke Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadlye blow :

Who never spoke more words than these, 145
Fight on, my merry men all ;
For why, my life is at an end ;
Lord Percy fees me fall.

Then leaving life, Earl Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand ; 150
And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed,
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure, a more renowned knight 155
Mis chance did never take.

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Who saw Earl Douglas dye,
Who streight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy : 160

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight ;

And past the English archers all, 165
Without all dread or feare ;

And thro' Earl Percy's body then
He thrust his hatefull speare;

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The speare went thro' the other side
A large cloth-yard and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine :
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain :

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree ;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew hee :

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomery,
So right the shaft he sett,
The grey goose wing that was thereon,
In his heart's blood was wett.

This fight did last from break of day,
Till setting of the sun ;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battel scarce was done.

With brave Earl Percy, there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,

170

175

180

185

190

Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James that bold baron.

And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slaine, 195
Whose proffesse did surmount.

For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumps ;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps. 200

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery ;
Sir Charles Murray, that from the feeld
One foote would never flee.

Sir Charles Murray of Ratcliff, too, 205
His sister's sone was hee ;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be.

And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Earl Douglas dye : 210
Of twenty hundred Scottish speeres,
Scarce twenty-five did flye.

Of fifteen hundred English men,
Went home but fifty-three ;

The rest were slain in Chevy-chase :
Under the green-woode tree.

215

Next day did many widowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle ;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all would not prevayle.

220

Their bodyes, bath'd in purple gore,
They bare with them away ;
They kist them dead a thousand times,
When they were cladd in clay.

This newes was brought to Edenborrow,
Where Scotland's king did rayne,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow flaine :

225

O heavy newes ! King James did say,
Scotland can witnesse bee,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as hee.

230

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-chase :

235

Now God be with him, said our king,
Sith it will no better bee ;
I trust I have within my realme,
Five hundred as good as hee :

240

Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take ;
I'll be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Percy's sake.

This vow the king full well perform'd 245
After, on Humbledowne ;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With Lords of great renowne.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye : 250
Thus ended the hunting of Chevy-chase,
Made by the Earl Percy.

God save the king, and bleſs this land
In plenty, joy, and peace ;
And grant henceforth, that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may ceaſe. 256

LADY BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

BALOW, my boy, ly still and sleep,
It grieves me fair to hear thee weep :
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad,
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.

Balow, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy.

*Balow, my dear, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me fair to hear thee weep.*

Balow, my darling, sleep a while,
And when thou wak'ft, then sweetly smile ;
But smile not as thy father did,
To cozen maids, nay, God forbid ;
For in thine eye his look I see,
The tempting look that ruin'd me,

Balow, my boy, &c.

5

10

15

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugar'd words to move,
His tempting face, and flatt'ring cheer,
In time to me did not appear ;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.

Balow, my boy, &c.

20

25

Fareweel, fareweel, thou falsest youth
That ever kist a woman's mouth ;
Let never any after me.
Submit unto thy courtesy :
For, if they do, O ! cruel thou
Wilt her abuse, and care not how.

Balow, my boy, &c.

I was too cred'lous at the first,
To yield thee all a maiden durst ;

30

Thou swore for ever true to prove,
 Thy faith unchang'd, unchang'd thy love ;
 But quick as thought the change is wrought,
 Thy love nae mair, thy promise nought. 35

Below, my boy, &c.

O gin I were a maid again,
 From young men's flatt'ry I'd refrain ;
 For now unto my grief I find
 They all are perjur'd and unkind : 40
 Bewitching charms bred all my harms,
 Witness my babe lyes in my arms.

Below, my boy, &c.

I tak my fate from bad to worse,
 That I must needs be now a nurse, 45
 And lull my young son on my lap :
 From me, sweet orphan, tak the pap :
 Below, my child, thy mother mild
 Shall wail as from all bliss exil'd.

Below, my boy, &c. 50

Below, my boy, weep not for me,
 Whose greatest grief's for wranging thee,
 Nor pity her deserved smart,
 Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
 For, too soon trusting latest finds, 55
 With fairest tongues are falsest minds.

Below, my boy, &c.

Below, my boy, thy father's fled,
 When he the thriftless son hath play ;

Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferr'd the wars to thee and me.
But now, perhaps, thy curse and mine
Make him eat acorns with the swine.

Balow, my boy, &c.

60

But curse not him ; perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee :
Perhaps at death ; for who can tell,
Whether the judge of heaven or hell,
By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver low ?

65

Balow, my boy, &c.

70

I wish he were into the bounds,
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
Repeating, as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair ;
No woman's yet so fiercely set,
But she'll forgive, though not forget.

75

Balow, my boy, &c.

If linen lacks, for my love's sake,
Then quickly to him would I make
My smoke once for his body meet,
And wrap him in that winding-sheet.
Ah me ! how happy had I been,
If he had ne'er been wrapt therein.

80

Balow, my boy, &c.

85

Balow, my boy, I'll weep for thee :
Too soon, alake, thou'l weep for me :

Thy griefs are growing to a sum,
 God grant thee patience when they come ;
 Born to sustain thy mother's shame,
 A hapless fate, a bastard's name. 90

*Below, my boy, lie still and sleep,
 It grieves me fair to hear thee weep.*

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

A. Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow ;
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride ? 5
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow ?
A. I gat her where I dare nae weil be seen,
 Puing the barks on the braes of Yarrow.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow, 10
 Nor let thy heart lament to lieve
 Puing the barks on the braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?
 Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow :

And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen 15
 Puing the birks on the braes of Yarrow.

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen.
 Puing the birk on the braes of Yarrow: 20

For she has tint hir luver luver dear,
 Hir luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I hae slain the comeliest swain
 That e'er pu'd birk on the braes of Yarrow.

Why run thy streams O Yarrow, Yarrow, red ? 25
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?
 And why yon melancholeous weeds,
 Hung on thy bonny birks of Yarrow ?

What's yonder floats on the rueful, rueful stream ?
 What's yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow ! 30
 'Tis he, the comely swain I flew
 Upon the doleful braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears, with dule and sorrow.
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weids, 35
 And lay him on the braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye fisters fisters sad,
 Ye fisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
 And weep around in waeful wife,
 His hapless fate on the braes of Yarrow. 40

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deid of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierced his breast,
 His comely breast on the braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee not to lue, 45
 And warn from fight ; but to my sorrow,
 O'er rashly bald a stronger arm
 Thou met'ft, and fell on the braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows
 the grafs,
 Yallow on Yarrow's banks the gowan, 50
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet ? as sweet as sweet flows
 Tweed,
 As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,
 As sweet smells on its brae the birk, 55
 The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair indeed thy luve,
 In flowry bands thou him didst fetter ;
 Tho' he was fair and well beluv'd again,
 Than me he never lued thee better. 60

Busk ye, then busk, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, and lue me on the banks of Tweed,
 And think nae mair on the braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride ? 65
 How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
 How lue him on the banks of Tweed,
 That flew my love on the braes of Yarrow.

O Yarrow fields, let never never rain,
 No dew thy tender blossoms cover; 70
 For there was basely slain my luve,
 My luve, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
 His purple vest, 'twas my awn seuing !
 Ah ! wretched me ! I little kend 75
 He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and sorrow ;
 But e'er the toofal of the night
 He lay a corps on the braes of Yarrow. 80

Much I rejoic'd that waeful waeful day ;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning :
 But lang e'er night, the spear was flown
 That flew my love, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do, 85
 But with his cruel rage pursue me ?
 My luver's blood is on thy spear,
 How can't thou, barbarous man, then woo me ?

My happy sisters may be may be proud ;
 With cruel and ungentle scoffin, 90

May bid me seek on Yarrow braes
 My luver nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid,
 And strive with threat'ning words to move me :
 My luver's blood is on thy spear, 95
 How can'ft thou ever bid me luve thee.

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of lufe ?
 With bridal sheets my body cover ;
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husband lover. 100

But who the expected husband husband is ?
 His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter ;
 Ah me ! What ghastly spectre's yon,
 Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down, 105
 O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
 Tak aff, tak aff these bridal weids,
 And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
 O could my warmth to life restore thee ! 110
 Yet lye all night between my breists,
 No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale pale indeed, O lively lively youth,
 Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter !
 And lye all night between my breists ; 115
 No youth shall ever lye thare after.

A. Return, return, O mournful mournful bride,
 Return and dry thy useles sorrow ; --
 Thy lover heeds nought of thy sighs,
 He lyes a corps on the braes of Yarrow. 120

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

BY MR. LOGAN.

“ THY braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
 “ When first on them I met my lover,
 “ Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream !
 “ When now thy waves his body cover !
 “ For ever now, O Yarrow stream ! 5
 “ Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
 “ For never on thy banks shall I
 “ Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

“ He promis'd me a milk-white steed,
 “ To bear me to his father's bowers ; 10
 “ He promised me a little page,
 “ To 'squire me to his father's tow'rs ;
 “ He promised me a wedding-ring, —
 “ The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ; —
 “ Now he is wedded to his grave, 15
 “ Alas ! his watery grave, in Yarrow.

“ Sweet were his words when last we met ;
 “ My passion I as freely told him !
 “ Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
 “ That I should never more behold him ! 20

“ Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
 “ It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
 “ Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
 “ And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

“ His mother from the window look'd, 25
 “ With all the longing of a mother ;
 “ His little sister weeping walk'd
 “ The green-wood path to meet her brother :
 “ They sought him east, they sought him west,
 “ They sought him all the forest thorough ; 30
 “ They only saw the cloud of night,
 “ They only heard the roar of Yarrow !

“ No longer from thy window look,
 “ Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
 “ No longer walk, thou lovely maid ! 35
 “ Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
 “ No longer seek him east or west,
 “ And search no more the forest thorough :
 “ For wandering in the night so dark,
 “ He fell a lifeless corse in Yarrow. 40

“ The tear did never leave her cheek,
 “ No other youth shall be my marrow ;
 “ I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 “ And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.”
 The tear did never leave her cheek, 45
 No other youth became her marrow ;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

THE CHILD OF ELLE.

ON yonder hill a castle stands,
 Wi walles and towres bedight ;
 And yonder lives the child of Elle,
 A younge and comely knighth.

The Child of Elle to his garden went, 5
 And stood at his garden pale,
 Whan low, he beheld fair Emmeline's page,
 Come tripping doun the dale.

The Child of Elle he hy'd him thence,
 Y-wis he stooode not stille, 10
 And soone he mette fair Emmeline's page
 Come climbing up the hille.

Now Chrise thee fave thou little foot page,
 Now Chrise thee fave and fee ;
 Oh tell me how does thy lady gaye, 15
 And what may thy tidings be ?

My lady she is all woe-begone,
 And the teares they fall from her eyne ;
 And aye she laments the deadly feude
 Betweene her house and thine. 20

And here shee sends thee a silken scarfe,
 Bedewde with many a teare;
 And bids thee sometimes think on her
 Who loved thee so deare.

And here shee sends thee a ring of gold, 25
 The last boon thou may'ft have;
 And biddes thee weare it for her sake
 Whan she is laid in grave.

For ah! her gentle heart is broke,
 And in grave soone must shee bee, 30
 Sith her father hath chose her a new love,
 And forbidde her to think of thee.

Her father hath brought her a carlish knight,
 Sir John of the north countraye,
 And within three dayes she must him wedde, 35
 Or he vowes he will her slaye.

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page,
 And greet thy ladye from mee.
 And telle her that I, her owne true love,
 Will dye or sette her free, 40

Now hye thee backe, thou little foot page,
 And let thy fair ladye know
 This night will I be at her bowre-windowe,
 Betide me weale or woe.

The boye he tripp'd, the boye he ranne, 45
 He neither stint na stayd,

Untill he came to fair Emmeline's bowre,
Whan kneeling downe he sayd ;

O ladye ! I've been wi thy own true love,
And he greets thee well by mee ; 50
This night will he bee at thy bowre windowe,
And die or sett thee free.

Now day was gone, and night was come,
And all were fast asleep :
All save the lady Emmeline, 55
Who fate in her bowre to weepe.

And sune she heard her true love's voice,
Lowe whispering at the walle ;
Awake, awake, my dear ladye,
'Tis I thy true love call. 60

Awake, awake, my lady deare,
Come mount this fair palfrye ;
This ladder of ropes will lette thee downe,
I'll carrye thee hence awaye.

Now naye, now naye, thou gentle knicht, 65
Now naye, this maye not bee ;
For aye should I tine my maiden fame,
If alone I should wend wi thee.

O ladye ! thou with a knight so true
Mayst safely wend alone ; 70
To my lady mother I will thee bring,
Where marriage shall make us one.

“ My father he is a baron bolde,
 “ Of lynage proud and hye,
 “ And what would he say if his daughter 75
 “ Away with a knight should fly ?

“ Ah well I wot he nevir would rest,
 “ Nor his meate should do him no goode,
 “ Till he had slayne thee, Child of Elle,
 “ And seene thy deare heart’s bloode.” 80

O ! lady, wert thou in thy saddle set,
 And a little space him fro,
 I would not care for thy cruel father,
 Nor the worst that he could doe.

O ! lady, wert thou in thy saddl eset, 85
 And once without this walle,
 I would not care for thy cruel father,
 Nor the worst that might befalle.

Fair Emmeline figh’d, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe, 90
 At lengthe he seizde her lilly-white hand,
 And doun the ladder he drewe.

And thrice he claspde her to his breste,
 And kist her tenderlie ;
 The tears that fell from her fair eyes 95
 Ranne like the fountayne free.

He mounted himselfe on his steede so tallē,
 And her on a fair palfraye,
 And slung his bugle about his necke,
 And roundlye they rode awaye.

100

All this beheard her own damfelle,
 In her bed whereas she lay ;
 Quoth shee, My lord shall knowe of this,
 So I shall have gold and fee.

Awake, awake, thou baron bold!

105

Awake, my noble dame !

Your daughter is fled wi the Child of Elle,
 To doe the deede of shame.

The baron he woke, the baron he rose,

And callde his merry men all ;

110

“ And come thou forth, Sir John the knighte,
 “ The ladye is carried to thrall.”

Fair Emmeline scant had ridden a mile,

A mile forth of the towne,

When she was aware of her father’s men
 Come galloping over the downe.

115

And foremost came the carlish knight,

Sir John of the north countraye,

“ Nowe stop, nowe stop, thou false traitour,
 “ Nor carry that lady awaye.

120

“ For she is come of hye lynage,
 “ And was of a lady borne ;
 “ And ill it befeems thee a false churle’s sonne,
 “ To carry her hence to scorne.”

Now loud thou lyest, Sir John the knight, 125
 Nowe thou doest lye of me ;
 A knight me gott, and a ladye me bore,
 Soe never did none by thee.

But light nowe doun, my lady faire,
 Light down and hold my steed, 130
 While I and this discourteous knighte
 Do try this arduous deede.

Fair Emmeline sigh’d, fair Emmeline wept,
 And aye her heart was woe ;
 While twixt her love and the carlish knight, 135
 Past many a baleful blow.

The Child of Elle he fought soe well,
 As his weapon he wavde amaine,
 That foone he had slaine the carlish knight,
 And layd him upon the playne. 140

And now the baron and all his men
 Full fast approached nyne,
 Ah ! what may ladye Emmeline doe ?
 ’Twere now no boote to flye.

Her lover he put his horne to his mouth,
And blew both loud and shrill,
And soone he sawe his owne merry men
Come ryding o'er the hill.

145

Now hold thy hand thou bold baron,
I pray thee hold thy hand ;
Nor ruthleſſ rend two gentle hearts
Faſt knit in true love's band.

150

Thy daughter I have dearly loude,
Full long and many a day,
But with ſuch love as holy kirke
Hath freelye ſaid wee may.

155

O give conſent ſhe may be mine,
And bleffe a faithful pare ;
My lands and livings are not ſmall,
My houſe and lynage faire.

160

My mother ſhe was an erle's daughter,
And a noble knight my fire—
The baron he frownde, and turn'd away,
With meikle dole and ire.

Fair Emmeline ſigh'd, fair Emmeline wept, 165
And did all trembling ſtand ;
At lengthe ſhe ſprang upon her knee,
And held his lifted hand.

Pardon, my lord and father deare,
This fair young knight and mee ;
Trust me, but for the carlish knight,
I never had fled from thee. 170

Oft have you call'd your Emmeline
Your darling and your joye ;
O let not then your harsh resolves
Your Emmeline destroye. 175

The baron he stroak'd his dark-brown cheeke,
And turn'd his head a syde,
To wipe away the starting teare
He proudly strave to hyde. 180

In deep revolving thought he stoode,
And mus'd a little space ;
Then rais'd fair Emmeline from the grounde,
With many a fond embrase.

Here take her, Child of Elle, he sayd ; 185
And gave her lillye hand :
Here take my deare and only child,
And wi her half my land,

Thy father once mine honour wrong'd,
In dayes of youthful pride ; 190
Do thou the injury repayre
In fondnes for thy bride.

And as thou love her, and hold her deare,
 Heaven prosper thee and thine ;
 And now my blessing wend wi' thee,
 My lovely Emmeline.

196

GILDEROY.

GILDEROY was a bonny boy,
 Had roses till his shoon ;
 His stockings were of silken foy,
 Wi' garters hanging down.
 It was, I ween, a comelie sight
 To see fae trim a boy :
 He was my joy, and heart's delight,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

5

O sic twa charming een he had !
 Breath sweet as ony rose :
 He never ware a Highland plaid,
 But costly silken clothes.
 He gain'd the luve of ladies gay,
 Nane e'er to him was coy :
 Ah ! wae is me, I mourn the day
 For my dear Gilderoy.

10

15

My Gilderoy and I were born
 Baith in ae town together ;

We scant were seven years befor
 We 'gan to luve ilk ither : 20
 Our dadies and our mamies thay
 Were fill'd wi mickle joy,
 To think upon the bridal day
 Of me and Gilderoy.

For Gilderoy, that luve of mine 25
 Gude faith, I freely bought
 A wedding fark of Holland fine,
 Wi dainty ruffles wrought ;
 And he gied me a wedding ring
 Which I receiv'd wi joy : 30
 Nae lad nor lassie e'er could sing
 Like me and Gilderoy.

Wi mickle joy we spent our prime
 Till we were baith sixteen,
 And aft we past the langsame time 35
 Amang the leaves fae green :
 Aft on the banks we'd sit us thair,
 And sweetly kis and toy ;
 While he wi garlands deck'd my hair,
 My handsome Gilderoy. 40

Oh that he still had been content
 Wi me to lead his life !
 But, ah ! his manfu heart was bent
 To stir in feats of strife :
 And he in many a ventrous deed 45
 His courage bauld wad try ;

And now this gars my heart to bleed
For my dear Gilderoy.

And when of me his leave he tuik,
The tears that wat mine ee : 50
I gied him sic a parting luik !
“ My bennison gang wi thee !
“ God speed thee weil, mine ain dear heart,
“ For gane is all my joy ;
“ My heart is rent, fith we maun part, 55
“ My handsome Gilderoy.”

My Gilderoy, baith far and near
Was fear'd in every toun ;
And bauldly bare awa the geir,
Of mony a lawland loun. 60
For man to man durst meet him nane,
He was fae brave a boy ;
At length wi numbers he was tane,
My winsome Gilderoy.

Wae worth the louns that made the laws 65
To hang a man for gear ;
To reave of life for sic a cause
As stealing horse or mare !
Had not their laws been made fae strick
I ne'er had lost my joy ; 70
Wi sorrow ne'er had wat my cheek
For my dear Gilderoy.

Gif Gilderoy had done amifs,
He mought hae banisht been ;--

Ah what fair cruelty is this, 75
 To hang sic handsome men !
 To hang the flower o' Scottish land,
 Sae sweet and fair a boy :—
 Nae lady had sae white a hand
 As thee, my Gilderoy.

Of Gilderoy sae fear'd they were,
 Wi irons his limbs they strung ;
 To Edinborow led him thair,
 And on a gallows hung.
 They hung him high aboon the rest, 85
 He was sae bauld a boy ;
 Thair dyed the youth wham I lued best,
 My handsome Gilderoy.

Sune as he yielded up his breath,
 I bare his corfe away ;
 Wi tears, that trickled for his death, 90
 I wash'd his comelie clay ;
 And ficker in a grave right deep
 I laid the dear lued boy :
 And now for ever I maun weep,
 My winsome Gilderoy.

E D W A R D.

Why does your brand sae drap wi bluid,
Edward, Edward ?

Why does your brand sae drap wi bluid,
And why sae sad gang ye, O !

O I hae kill'd my hauk sae gude ;
Mither, mither :

O I hae kill'd my hauk sae gude ;
And I had nae mair but he, O !

Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
Edward, Edward.

Your haukis bluid was nevir sae reid,
My deir son I tell thee O !

I hae kill'd my reid roan steid,
Mither, mither :

O I kill'd my reid roan steid
That erft was fair and frie, O !

Your steid was auld, and ye hae mair,
Edward, Edward !

Your steid was auld, and ye hae mair,
Sum ither dule ye drie, O !

O I hae kill'd my fadir deir,
Mither, mither :

O I hae kill'd my fadir deir,
Alas and wae is me, O !

What penance will ye drie for that, 25
Edward, Edward ?

What penance will ye drie for that,
My deir son, now tell me, O !

I'll set my feet in yonder boat,
Mither, mither : 35
I'll set my feet in yonder boat ;
And I'll fare owr the sea, O !

What will ye do wi touirs and ha,
Edward, Edward ?

What will ye do wi touris and ha, 35
That were fae fair to see, O !

I'll let them stand till they down fa,
Mither, mither :
I'll let them stand till they doun fa,
For heir I maunae be O ! 40

What will ye leive to bairns and wife,
Edward, Edward ?

What will ye leive to bairns and wife,
When ye gang owr the sea, O !

The warld's rcom to beg throuch life, 45
Mither, mither :
The warld's room to beg throuch life,

For them I neir maun fee, O !

What will ye leive to your mither deir,
Edward, Edward ? 50

What will you leive to your mither deir,
My deir son, now tell me, O !

The curse of hell frae me fall ye beir,
Mither, mither :

The curse of hell frae me fall ye beir,
Sic counsels ye gied me, O !

55

L O R D L I V I N G S T O N.

“ **G**RAITH my swiftest steid,” said Livingston,
“ But nane of ye gae wi me ;
“ For I maun awa by mysel alane
“ To the foot of the grenewode tree.”

Up spak his dame wi meikle speid :

5

“ My lord I red ye bide ;
“ I dreim’d a dreiry dreim last nicht ;
“ Nae gude fall you betide.”

“ What fret is this, my lady deir,

10

“ That wald my will gainstand ?”

“ I dreim’d that I gaed to my bouir dore,
“ And a deid man tuke my hand.”

“ Suith dreims are scant,” said the proud baron,
And leuch wi jearing glie ;

15

“ But for this sweet kifs my winsum dame
“ Neist time dreim better o’ me.”

“ For I hecht to meit with lord Rothmar,
 “ To chase the fallow deer ;
 “ And speid we weil, by the hour o nune,
 “ We fall return bot feir.”

20

Frae his fair lady’s ficht he strave
 His ettling sae to hide ;
 But frae the grenewode he came nae back,
 Sin eir that deidly tide.

For Rothmar met him there bot fail,
 And bluidy was the strife ;
 Lang eir the nunetide mesf was rung,
 They baith war twin’d o’ life.

25

“ Forgie, forgie me, Livingston !
 “ That I lightly set by your dame ;
 “ For surely in a’ the warld lives not
 “ A lady mair free frae blame.

30

“ Accursed be my lawles luve
 “ That wrocht us baith sic tein !
 “ As I forgie my friend anes deir,
 “ Sae may I be forgien.

35

“ Thouch ye my counseil sold ha tane
 “ The gate of gyle to eschew ;
 “ Yet may my faul receive sic grace
 “ As I now gie to you.”

40

The lady in her mournfu bouir
 Sat wi richt heavy cheir.

In ilka fough that the laigh wind gied,
She weind her deir lord to heir.

Whan the sun gaed down, and mirk nicht came,
O teirfu were hir eyne !

46

“ I feir, I feir, it was na for nocht

“ My dreims were fae dowie yestrene !”

Lang was the nicht ; but whan the morn cam,
She said to her menzie ilk ane ;

50

“ Haste, saddle your steids, and seik the grene-
wode,

“ For I feir my deir lord is slain.”

Richt sunne they fand their lord and Rothmar
Deid in ilk ither's arm :

“ I gues, my deir lord, that luve of my name

55

“ Alane brocht thee to sic harm.

“ Neir will I forget they feimly meid,

“ Nor yet thy gentle lufe ;

“ For sevin lang yeirs my weids of black

“ That I luv'd thee as weil fall pruve.”

60

WILLIAM'S GHAIST.

THERE came a ghast to Marg'ret's door,
With many a grievous groan,

And ay he tirled at the pin,
But answer made she none.

Is that my father Phillip ? 5
Or is't my brother John ?
Or is't my true love Willie
From Scotland new come home.

'Tis not thy father Phillip,
Nor yet thy brother John ; 10
But 'tis thy true love Willie,
From Scotland new come home.

O sweet Marg'ret ! O dear Marg'ret !
I pray thee speak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret ! 15
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till that thou come within my bower,
And kiss my cheek and chin. 20

If I should come within thy bower,
I am no earthly man ;
And should I kiss thy rosy lips,
Thy days would not be lang.

O sweet Marg'ret ! O dear Marg'ret ! 25
I pray thee speak to me ;
Give me my faith and troth, Marg'ret !
As I gave it to thee.

Thy faith and troth thou's never get,
Nor yet will I thee lend,
Till you take me to yon kirk-yard,
And wed me with a ring.

30

My bones are buried in yon kirk-yard,
Afar beyond the sea ;
And it is but my sp'rit, Marg'ret,
That's now speaking to thee.

35

She stretched out her lily-white hand,
And for to do her best ;
Hae, there's your faith and troth, Willie ;
God send your faul good rest !

40

Now she has kilted her robes of green
A piece below her knee,
And a' the live-lang winter-night
The dead corple follow'd she.

Is there any room at your head, Willie,
Or any room at your feet,
Or any room at your side, Willie,
Wherein that I may creep ?

45

There is no room at my head, Marg'ret,
There's no room at my feet,
There's no room at my side, Marg'ret,
My coffin's made so meet.

50

Then up and crew the red cock,
And up then crew the gray,

'Tis time, 'tis time, my dear Marg'ret, 55
 That you were going away.

No more the ghaist to Marg'ret said,
 But, with a grievous groan,
 Evanish'd in a cloud of mist,
 And left her all alone. 60

O stay, my only true love, stay,
 The constant Marg'ret cry'd ;
 Wan grew her cheeks, she clos'd her een,
 Stretch'd her soft limbs, and dy'd.

WILLIAM AND MAAGARET.

'T WAS at the fearful midnight hour,
 When all were fast asleep,
 In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face was pale like April morn, 5
 Clad in a wintry cloud ;
 And clay cold was her lily-hand
 That held her fable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown : 10

Such is the robe that kings must wear,
When death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flower,
That dips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek, 15
Just op'ning to the view :

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime :
The rose grew pale, and left her cheek ;
She dy'd before her time. 20

Awake ! she cry'd, thy true love calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary hour, 25
When injur'd ghosts complain,
And aid the secret fears of night,
To fright the faithless man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
Thy pledg'd and broken oath,
And give me back my maiden-vow, 30
And give me back my troth.

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forfave ?
How could you win my virgin-heart, 35
Yet leave that heart to break ?

Why did you promise love to me,

And not that promise keep ?

Why said you that my eyes were bright,

Yet left these eyes to weep ?

49

How could you swear my lip was sweet

And made the scarlet pale ?

And why did I, young wifles maid,

Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;

45

These lips no longer red ;

Dark are my eyes, now clos'd in death,

And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is ;

50

This winding-sheet I wear :

And cold and weary lasts our night,

Till that last morn appear.

But hark—the cock has warn'd me hence—

A long and late adieu !

Come see, false man ! how low she lyes,

55

That dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung out, the morning smil'd,

And rais'd her glifning head ;

Pale William quak'd in every limb,

Then, raving, left his bed.

60

He hy'd him to the fatal place
 Where Marg'ret's body lay,
 And stretch'd him o'er the green grafts-turf
 That wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name.

65

And thrice he wept full sore ;
 Then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
 And word spoke never more.

WALY, WALY.

O waly waly up the bank,
 And waly waly down the brae,
 And waly waly by yon burn-side,
 Where I and my love were wont to gae,
 I leant my back unto an aik,
 I thought it was a trustie trie ;
 But first it bow'd, and syne it brake,
 And sae my true love did lyghtlie me.

5

O waly waly gin love be bonny,
 A little time while it is new ;
 But when its auld, it waxeth cauld,
 And fades awa' like morning-dew.
 O wherefore shu'd I busk my head ?
 O wherefore shu'd I kame my hair ?

19

For my true love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat fall be my bed,
The sheits fall neir be fyl'd by me :
Saint Anton's wall fall be my drink,
Since my true love has forsaken me. 20
Marti'mas wind, whan wilt thou blaw,
And shake the green leaves aff the trie ?
O gentle death, whan wilt thou cum ?
For of my life I am wearie,

'Tis not the frost that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
'Tis not sick cauld that makes me cry,
But my love's heart grown cauld to me.
Whan we came in by Glasgow town,
We were a comely sight to see ; 30
My love was cled i' th' black velvet,
And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist before I kifst,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd,
And pinn'd it wi' a filler pin. 35
Oh, oh ! if my young babe were borne,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I myself were dead and gone,
For a maid again I'll never be !

WILLIE'S DROWN'D IN YARROW.

WILLIE's rare, and Willie's fair,
 And Willie's wondrous bonny,
 And Willie hecht to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
 This night I'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live lang winter-night
 I'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side ?
 Pu'd you the rose or lily ?
 Or came you by yon meadow-green ?
 Or saw ye my sweet Willie ?

She sought him east, she sought him west,
 She sought him braid and narrow ;
 Syne in the cleaving of a craig
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

BOTHWELL.

As Bothwell was walking in the lowlands alane,

Hey down, and a down,

He met six ladies sae gallant and fine,

*Hey down, and a down *.*

He cast his lot amang them a',

5

And on the youngest his lot did fa'.

He's brought her frae her mother's bower,

Unto his strongest castle and tower.

But ay she cry'd and made great moan,

And ay the tear came trickling down.

10

Come up, come up, said the foremoit man ;

I think our bride comes slowly on.

O Lady, fits your saddle awry ?

Or is your steed for you owre high ?

My saddle is not set awry,

15

Nor carries me my steed owre high :

But I am weary of my life,

Since I maun be Lord Bothwell's wife.

He's blawn his horn sae sharp and shrill,

Up start the deer on every hill.

20

He's blawn his horn sae lang and loud,

Up start the deer in gude green wood.

His Lady mother lookit owre the castle wa',

And she saw them riding ane and a'.

* The Chorus repeated at the end of each line.

She's call'd upon her maids by seven,
To mak his bed baith saft and even :
She's call'd upon her cooks by nine,
To make their dinner fair and fine.

When day was gane, and night was come,
What ails my love on me to frown ?

Or does the wind blow in your glove ?
Or runs your mind on another love ;
Nor blows the wind within my glove,
Nor runs my mind on another love ;

But I not maid nor maiden am,

For I'm wi' bairn to another man,
I thought I'd a maiden sae meek and sae mild,
But I've nougnt but a woman wi' child.

His mother's taen her up to a tower,
And lockit her in her secret bower :

Now, doughter mine, come tell to me,
Wha's bairn this is that you are wi' ?

O mother dear, I canna learn
Wha is the father of my bairn :

But as I walk'd in the lowlands my lane,
I met a gentleman gallant and fine ;

He keepit me there sae late and sae lang,
Frae the ev'ning late till the morning dawn,
And a' that he geid me to my propine,
Was a pair of green gloves and a gay gold ring ;
Three lauchters of his yellow hair,

In case that we shou'd meet nae mair.

His Lady Mother went down the stair.
Now son, now son, come tell to me,
Where's the green gloves I gave to thec.

I gied to a lady fae fair and so fine,
 The green gloves and a gay gold ring ;
 But I wad gie my castles and towers,
 I had that lady within my bowers :
 But I wad gie my very life, 60
 I had that lady to be my wife.
 Now keep, now keep your castles and towers,
 You have that lady within your bowers ;
 Now keep, now keep your very life,
 You have that lady to be your wife. 65
 O row my lady in fatten and silk,
 And wash my son in the morning milk.

FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM.

As it fell out on a long summer's day
 Two lovers they sat on a hill ;
 They sat together a long summer's day,
 And could not talk their fill.

I see no harm by you, Margaret,
 And you see none by mee : 7
 Before to-morrow at eight o'clock
 A rich wedding you shall see.

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window,
A combing of her hair ;
She spy'd Sweet William and his bride,
As they were a riding near.

10

Down she lay'd her ivory combe,
And up she bound her hair ;
She went her way forth of the bower,
But never more came there.

15

When day was gone, and night was come,
And all men fast asleep,
There came the spirit of fair Marg'ret.
And stood at William's feet.

20

God give you joy, you lovers true,
In bride-bed fast asleep ;
Lo ! I am going to my green-grafs grave,
And I'm in my winding-sheet.

When day was come, and night was gone,
And all men wak'd from sleep,
Sweet William to his lady say'd,
My dear, I have cause to weep.

25

I dreamt a dream, my dear lady,
Such dreames are never good ;
I dreamt my bower was full of red swine,
And my bride-bed full of blood.

30

Such dreams, such dreams, my honoured Sir,
They never do prove good ;

To dream thy bower was full of red swine, 35
 And thy bride-bed full of blood.

He called up his merry men all,
 By one, by two, and by three :
 Saying, I'll away to Fair Marg'ret's bower.
 By the leave of my lady. 40

And when he came to fair Marg'ret's bower,
 He knocked at the ring ;
 So ready were her seven brethreu
 To let sweet William in.

Then he turned up the covering-sheet, 43
 Pray let me see thee dead ;
 Methinks she does look pale and wan,
 She has lost her cherry red.

I'll do more for thee, Margaret.
 Than any of thy kin ; 50
 For I will kis thy pale wan lips,
 Though a smile I cannot win.

With that bespake the seven brethren,
 Making most piteous mone :
 You may go kis your jolly brown bride, 55
 And let our fister alone.

If I do kis my jolly brown bride,
 I do but what is right ;

For I made no vow to your sister dear,
By day, nor yet by night.

64

Pray tell me then how much you'll deal
Of your white bread and your wine ;
So much as is dealt at the funeral to-day,
To morrow shall be dealt at mine.

65

Fair Margaret dyed to-day, to-day,
Sweet William dyed the morrow :
Fair Margaret dyed for pure true love,
Sweet William dyed for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,
And William in the higher :
Out of her breast there sprang a rose,
And out of his a briar.

70

They grew as high as the church-top,
Till they could grow no higher ;
And there they grew in a true lover's knot,
Made all the folke admire.

75

Then came the clerk of the parish,
As you this truth shall hear,
And by misfortune cut them down,
Or they had still been there.

80

FINE FLOWERS O' THE VALLEY.

HERE was three ladies in a ha',
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;
 There came three lords amang them a',
 The red, green, and the yellow.

The first of them was clad in red,
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;
 O lady fair, will ye be my bride ?
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The second of them was clad in green,
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;
 O lady fair, will ye be my queen ?
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

The third of them was clad in yellow,
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;
 O lady fair, will ye be my marrow ?
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

You must ask my father dear,
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;

Likewise the mother that did me bear,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

You must ask my sister Ann, 20
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
And not forget my brother John,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

I have ask't thy father dear,
Fine flowers i' the valley ; 25
Likewise the mother that did thee bear,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow,

I have ask't thy sister Ann,
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
But I forgot thy brother John, 30
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

Her father led her through the ha',
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
Her mother danc'd before them a',
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow. 35

Her sister Ann led her through the close,
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
Her brother John put her on her horse,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

You are high and I am low, 40
Fine flowers i' the valley ;
Let me have a kis before you go,
Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

She was louting down to kiss him sweet,
 Fine flowers i' the valley ; 45
 Wi' his penknife he wounded her deep,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

O lead me over into yon stile,
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;
 That I may stop and breathe a while, 50
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

O lead me over into yon stair,
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;
 For there I'll ly and bleed nae mair,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow. 55

O what will you leave your father dear ?
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;
 That milk-white steed that brought me here,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

O what will you leave your mother dear ? 60
 Fine flowers i' the valley ;
 The filken gown that I did wear,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

What will you leave your sister Ann ?
 Fine flowers i' the valley ; 65
 My filken snood and golden fan,
 Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

What will you leave your brother John ?

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

The highest gallows to hing him on :

70

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

What will you leave your brother John's wife ?

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

Grief and sorrow to end her life,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

75

What will you leave your brother John's bairns ?

Fine flowers i' the valley ;

The world wide for them to range,

Wi' the red, green, and the yellow.

She louted down to gie a kifs,

80

With a hey and a lily gay ;

He stuck his penknife in her hafs,

And the rose it swells so sweetly.

Ride up, ride up, cry'd the foremost man,

With a hey and a lily gay ;

85

I think our bride looks pale and wan,

And the rose it finells so sweetly.

MAY COLVIN.

FALSE Sir John a wooing came,
 To a maid of beauty fair ;
 May Colvin was this lady's name,
 Her father's only heir.

He woo'd her butt, he woo'd her ben, 3
 He woo'd her in the ha',
 Until he got this lady's consent,
 To mount and ride awa.

He went down to her father's bower,
 Where all the steids did stand, 10
 And he's taken one of the best steeds
 That was in her father's hand.

He's got on, and she's got on,
 And fast as they could flee,
 Until they came to a lonesome part, 15
 A rock by the side of the sea.

Loup off the steid, says false Sir John,
 Your bridal bed you see,
 For I have drowned seven young ladies
 The eight ane you shall be. 20

Cast off, cast off, my May Colvin,
 All, and your filken gown,
 For it's o'er good, and o'er costly,
 To rot in the salt sea foam.

Cast off, cast off, my May Colvin,
 All, and your embroidered shune,
 For they are o'er good and o'er costly,
 To rot in the salt sea foam.

O turn you about, O false Sir John,
 And look to the leaf of the tree,
 For it never became a gentleman,
 A naked woman to fee.

He turn'd himself straight round about,
 To look to the leaf of the tree,
 So swift as May Colvin was
 To throw him in the sea.

O help, O help, my May Colvin,
 O help, or else I'll drown :
 I'll take you hame to your father's bower,
 And set you down safe and sound.

No help, no help, you false Sir John,
 No help, nor pity thee ;
 Though seven kings daughters you have drown'd,
 But the eighth shall not be me.

So she went on her father's steed,
 As swift as she could flee,

25

30

35

40

45

And she cam hame to her father's bower,
Before it was break of day.

Up then spak the pretty parrot ;
May Colvin where have you been ? 50
What has become of false Sir John,
That woo'd you so late the streen ?

He woo'd you butt, he woo'd you ben,
He woo'd you in the ha',
Until he got your own consent 55
For to mount and gang awa'.

O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,
Lay not the blame upon me ;
Your cup shall be of the flowered gold,
Your cage of the root of the tree. 60

Up then spake the king himself,
In the bed chamber where he lay,
What ails the pretty parrot
That prattles so long e'er day ?

There came a cat to my cage door, 65
It almost worried me,
And I was calling on May Colvin
To take the cat from me.

THE WEE WEE MAN.

As I was walking all alone,
 Between a water and a wa',
 And there I spy'd a wee wee man,
 And he was the least that e'er I saw.

His legs were scarce a shathmont's length, 5
 And thick and thimber was his thigh,
 Between his brows there was a span,
 And between his shoulders there was three.

He took up a meikle stane,
 And he flang't as far as I could see, 10
 Though I had been a Wallace wight,
 I coudna listenn't to my knee.

O wee wee man, but thou be strong,
 O tell me where thy dwelling be ?
 My dwelling's down at yon bonny bower, 15
 O will you go with me and see ?

On we lap, and awa we rade,
 Till we came to yon bonny green ;
 We 'lighted down for to bait our horse,
 And out there came a lady fine. 20

Four-and-twenty at her back,
 And they were a' clad out in green,
 Though the King of Scotland had been there,
 The warfst o' them might ha' been his queen.

On we lap, and awa we rade, 25
 Till we came to yon bonny ha',
 Where the roof was o' the beaten gould,
 And the floor was o' the crystal a'.

When we came to the flair foot,
 Ladies were dancing jimp and sma'; 39
 But in the twinkling of an eyc,
 My wee wee man was clean awa'.

SIR HUGH.

A' the boys of merry Linkim,
 War playing at the ba',
 An up it stands him sweet Sir Hugh,
 The flower among them a'.

He keppit the ba' than wi' his foot, 5
 And catcht it wi' his knee,
 And even in at the Jew's window,
 He gart the bonny ba' flee.

Cast out the ba' to me, fair maid,
Cast out the ba' to me.
Ah never a bit of it, she says,
Till ye come up to me.

10

Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,
Come up and get the ba'.

I winna come, I mayna come,
Without my bonny boys a'.

15

Come up, sweet Hugh, come up, dear Hugh,
Come up, and speak to me ;
I mayna come, I winna come,
Without my bonny boys three.

20

She's taen her to the Jew's garden,
Whar the grafs grew lang and green,
She's pu'd an apple red and white,
To wyle the bonny boy in.

She's wyl'd him in through ae chamber,
She's wyl'd him in through twa,
She's wyl'd him till hir ain chamber,
The flower out owr them a'.

25

She's laid him on a dreszin board,
Whar she did often dine,
She stack a penknife to his heart,
And dres'd him like a swine.

30

She row'd him in a cake of lead,
Bade him ly still and sleep,

She threw him i' the Jew's draw-well, 35
 It was fifty fathom deep.

Whan bells were rung, and mafs was fung,
 And a' man bound to bed,
 Every lady got hame her son,
 But sweet sir Hugh was dead. 40

BONNY MAY.

IT was on an ev'ning sae saft and sae clear,
 A bonny laff was milking the kye,
 And by came a troup of gentlemen,
 And rode the bonny laffie by.

Then one of them said unto her, 5
 Bonny laff, pry'thee shew me the way.
 O if I do sae it may breed me wae,
 For langer I dare nae stay.

But dark and misty was the night
 Before the bonny laffie came hame ; 10
 Now where hae you been, my ae doughter ?
 I am sure you was nae your lane.

O father, a tod has come o'er your lamb ;
 A gentleman of high degree,

And ay whan he spake, he lifted his hat, 15
 And bonny bonny blinkit his ee.

Or e'er six months were past and gane,
 Six months but and other three,
 The laffie begud for to fret and to frown,
 And think lang for his blinkin ee. 20

O wae be to my father's shepherd,
 An ill death may he die ;
 He bigged the bughts fae far frae hame,
 And trysted a gentleman to me.

It fell upon another fair evening, 25
 The bonny laffie was milking her ky,
 And by came the troop of gentlemen,
 And rode the bonny laffie by.

Then one of them stopt, and said to her,
 Wha's aught that baby ye are wi' ? 30
 The laffie began for to blush, and think
 To a father as good as ye.

O had your tongue, my bonny May,
 Sae loud I hear you lie ;
 O dinnae you mind the misty night 35
 I was in the bught wi thee.

Now he's come aff his milk-white steed,
 And he has taen her hame :

Now let your father bring hame the ky,
You ne'er mair shall ca' them agen. 40

I am a lord of castles and towers,
Wi fifty ploughs of land and three,
And I have gotten the bonniest lass
That is in this countrie. 44

MACPHERSON'S RANT.

I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength ;
I've pillag'd, plunder'd, murdered
But now, alas ! at length,
I'm brought to punishment direct, 5
Pale death draws near to me ;
This end I never did project,
To hang upon a tree.

To hang upon a tree ! a tree !
That curs'd unhappy death ! 10
Like to a wolf to worried be,
And choaked in the breath.
My very heart would surely break,
When this I think upon,
Did not my courage singular, 15
Bid penitive thoughts begone.

No man on earth that draweth breath,
 More courage had than I ;
 I dar'd my foes unto their face,
 And would not from them fly ;
 This grandeur stout, I did keep out,
 Like Hector manfullie :
 Then wonder one like me, so stout,
 Should hang upon a tree.

Th' Egyptian band I did command,
 With courage more by far,
 Than ever did a general
 His soldiers in the war.

Being fear'd by all, both great and small,
 I liv'd most joyfullie :
 O ! curse upon this fate of mine,
 To hang upon a tree.

As for my life, I do not care,
 If justice would take place,
 And bring my fellow plunderers
 Unto this same disgrace.

For Peter Brown, that notour loon,
 Escap'd and was made free ;
 O ! curse upon this fate of mine,
 To hang upon a tree.

Both law and justice buried are,
 And fraud and guile succeed ;
 The guilty pass unpunished,
 If money intercede.

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The Laird of Grant, that Highland saint, 45

His mighty majestie,
He pleads the cause of Peter Brown,
And lets Macpherson die.

The dest'ny of my life contriv'd
By those whom I oblig'd, 50

Rewarded me much ill for good,
And left me no refuge.

For Braco Duff, in rage enough,
He first laid hands on me ;
And if that death would not prevent, 55
Avenged would I be.

As for my life, it is but short,
When I shall be no more ;
To part with life I am content,
As any heretofore. 60

Therefore, good people all, take heed,
This warning take by me,
According to the lives you lead,
Rewarded you shall be.

GILLICRANKIE.

CLAVERS, and his Highlandmen,
Came down upo' the raw, man,

Who being stout, gave mony a clout ;
The lads began to claw then.

With sword and terge into their hand,
Wi which they were nae flaw, man,
Wi mony a fearful heavy figh,
The lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,

She flang amang them a', man ;
The Butter-box got mony knocks,

Their riggings paid for a' then.

They got their paiks, wi sudden straiks,

Which to their grief they saw, man :

Wi clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,

The lads began to fa' then.

Hur skipt about, hur leapt about,

And flang amang them a', man ;
The English blades got broken heads,

Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.

The durk and door made their last hour,

And prov'd their final fa', man ;
They thought the devil had been there,

That play'd them sic a paw then.

The solemn league and covenant

Came whigging up the hills, man ;
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills then.

In Willie's name, they thought nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man,

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But hur nane sell, wi mony a knock,
Cry'd, Furich-Whigs awa' man.

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
Came linking up the brink, man ;
The Hogan Dutch they feared such, 35
They bred a horrid stink then.
The true Maclean, and his fierce men,
Came in amang them a' man ;
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
All fled and ran awa' then. 40

Ob' on a ri, Ob' on a ri,
Why should she lose King Shames, man ?
Ob' rig in di, Ob' rig in di,
She shall break a' her banes then ;
With *furichinish*, an' stay a while, 45
And speak a word or twa, man,
She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
Hur nane-sell's won the day, man. 50
King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,
Because they ran awa' then ;
Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing, 55
And Willie'd ran awa' then.

TRANENT MUIR.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
 Did march up Brisle brae, man,
 And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,
 As fast as he could gae, man :
 While General Cope did taunt and mock, 5
 Wi mony a loud huzza, man :
 But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
 We heard another craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
 Led Camerons on in clouds, man : 10
 The morning fair, and clear the air,
 They loos'd with devilish thuds, man ;
 Down guns they threw, and swords they drew ;
 And soon did chace them aff, man ;
 On Scaton Crafts they buft their chafts, 15
 And gart them rin like daft, man.

The buff dragoons swore blood and 'cons,
 They'd make the rebels run, man ;
 And yet they flee when them they see,
 And winna fire a gun, man. 20
 They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
 Such terror feiz'd them a', man ;

Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears, 25

And vow gin they were crouse, man ;
But when the bairns faw't turn to earn'it,

They were not worth a louse, man ;
Maist feck gade hame ; O fy for shame !

They'd better staid awa', man, 30

Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

M——h the great, when hersell shit,

Un'wares did ding him o'er, man,
Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,

But aff fou fast did scour, man ;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he flood still,

Before he tasted meat, man :
Troth he may brag of his swift nag,

That bare him aff fae fleet, man. 40

And S——n keen to clear the een

O rebels far in wrang, man ;
Did never strive wi' pistols five,

But gallop'd with the thrang, man ;
He turn'd his back, and in a crack,

Was cleanly out of sight, man ;
And thought it best ; it was nae jest

Wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang

But twa, and ane was tane, man ;

50

For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid,
 And fair he paid the kain, man ;
 Fell skelps he got, was war than shot,
 Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man ;
 Frae many a spout came running out
 His reeking-het red gore, man.

55

But Gard'ner brave did still behave
 Like to a hero bright, man ;
 His courage true, like him were few
 That still despised flight, man ;
 For King and laws, and country's cause,
 In Honour's bed he lay, man ;
 His life, but not his courage, fled,
 While he had breath to draw, man.

60

And Major Bowle that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground, man ;
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get mony a wound, man ;
 Lieutenant S——h, of Irish birth,
 Frae from he call'd for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man,

65

He made sick haste, fae spur'd his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man ;
 To Berwick rade, and safely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man ;
 But let that end, for well 'tis kend
 His use and wont to lie, man ;

75

80

The Teague is naught, he never faught,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, amang the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man ;
On gelding grey he rode that way, 85
With pistols set before, man ;
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man ;
But the night before he left the cor,
And never fac'd the field, man. 90

But gallant Roger, like a foger,
Stood and bravely fought, man ;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man.
At point of death, wi' his last breath, 95
(Some standing round in ring, man),
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat.
And cry'd, God save the King, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man, 100
About they fac'd, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man ;
And they as gain, for all their pain,
Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man ;
Fow bald can tell how her nainsell 105
Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see
 Bewest the meadow-mill, man,
 There mony slain lay on the plain ;
 The clans pursuing still, man; 110
 Sick unco hacks, and deadly whacks,
 I never saw the like, man,
 Loft hands and heads cost them their deads,
 That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a' was done, 115
 I gaed to see the fray man,
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away, man ;
 On Seaton's sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They pic'd my pockets bare, man : 120
 But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

SHERIFF-MUIR.

THERE's some say that we wan,
 Some say that they wan,
 Some say that nane wan at a' man ;
 But one thing I'm sure,
 That at Sheriff-muir, 5
 A battle there was, which I saw, man ;
*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and
 we ran, and we ran, and they ran awa man.*

Brave Argyle and Belhaven,

Not like frightened L——n,

10

Which Rothes and Haddington saw man ;

For they all with Wightman

Advanced on the right, man,

While others took flight, being raw, man,

And we ran, and they ran, &c.

15

Lord Roxburgh was there,

In order to share

With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man,

Volunteerly to ramble

With Lord Loudon Campbell,

20

Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man,

And they ran, and we ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw, that great knight,

With broad sword most bright,

On horseback he strangely did charge, man, 25

An hero that's bold,

None could him with-hold,

He stoutly encounter'd the targemen,

And we ran, and they ran, &c.

For the cowardly W——m,

30

For fear they should cut him,

Seeing glittering broad-swords with a paw, man,

And that in such thrang

Made Baird edicang,

And from the brave clans ran awa', man.

35

And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Brave Mar and Panmure
Were firm I am sure,
The latter was kidnap't awa, man.

With brisk men about,
Brave Harry retook
His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Grave Marshal and Lithgow,
And Glengary's pith too,
Assisted by brave Loggia-man,
And Gordon's the bright,
So boldly did fight,
The red-coats took flight and awa, man.

And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Strathmore and Clanronald
Cry'd still, advance Donald,
Till both these heroes did fa', man;
For there was such hawking,
And broad swords a clashing,
Brave Forfar himself got a cla' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Perth stood the storm,
Seaforth but lukewarm,
Kilfysyth and Strathallan not fla', man;
And Hamilton pled,
The men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa', man,
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

48

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Brave generous Southesk, 65
 Tilebairn was brisk,

Whose father indeed would not draw, man,
 Into the same yoke,
 Which serv'd for a cloak,
 To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man. 70

And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Lord Rollo not fear'd,
 Kintore and his beard,
 Pitflicht and Ogilvie a', man,
 And brothers Balfours, 75
 They stood the first show'rs,
 Clackmannan and Burleigh did cla', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

But Cleppan acted pretty;
 And Strowan the witty, 80
 A poet that pleases us a', man ;
 For mine is but rhyme,
 In respect of what's fine,
 Or what he is able to draw, man,
Though we ran, and they ran, &c. 85

For Huntly and Sinclair,
 They both play'd the tinclair,
 With consciences black like a craw man.
 Some Angus and Fifemen
 They ran for their life, man, 90
 And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

Then L——e the traytor,
 Who betray'd his master,
 His king, and his country, and a', man,
 Pretending Mar might
 Give order to fight,
 To the right of the army awa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

95

Then L——e for fear,
 Of what he might hear,
 Took Drummond's best horse and awa, man,
 Instead of going to Perth,
 He crossed the Firth,
 Alongst Stirling-bridge and awa, man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

100

105

To Lendon he prefs'd,
 And there he address'd,
 That he behav'd best of them a', man ;
 And there without strife
 Got settled for life,
 An hundred a-year to his fa' man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

110

In Borrowstounnes
 He resides with disgrace,
 Till his neck stands in need of a draw, man,
 And then in a tether
 He'll swing from a ladder,
 Go off the stage with a pa', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

115

Rob Roy stood watch
 On a hill for to catch
 The booty for ought that I saw, man,
 For he ne'er advanc'd,
 From the place he was stanc'd, 125
 'Till no more to do there at a' man,
For we ran, and they ran, &c.

So we all took the flight,
 And M——y the wright ;
 But D——m the smith was a bra-man, 130
 For he took the gout
 Which truly was wit,
 By judging it time to withdra', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

And trumpet M——e, 135
 Whose breeks were not clean,
 Thro' misfortune he happen'd to fa', man,
 By saving his neck,
 His trumpet did break,
 Came off without musick at a', man.
And we ran, and they ran, &c.

So there such a race was,
 As ne'er in that place was,
 And as little chafe was at a', man ;
 From other they ran, 145
 Without tuck of drum ;
 They did not make use of a pa', man.
*And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and
 we ran, and we ran, and they ran awa' man.*

GENERAL LESLIE'S MARCH.

MARCH, march, march,

Why the d---- don't ye march ?

Stand to your arms, my lads,

Fight in good order,

Front about, ye musketeers all

Till ye come to the English border,

Stand till't and fight like men,

True gospel to maintain,

The parliament's blyth to see us a' coming ;

When to the kirk we come,

We'll purge it ilka room,

Frae Popish relicks, and a' such innovation,

That a' the warld may see,

There's nane i' the right but we,

Of the auld Scottish nation.

Jenny shall wear the hood,

Jocky the fark of God ;

And the kist fou of whistles,

That make sic a cleiro,

Our pipers bra, shall hae them a', whate'er comes
on it ;

Busk up your plaids, my lads, cock up your bon-
nets.

March, march, &c.

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HIGHLAND MARCH.

In the garb of old Gaul, wi the fire of old Rome,
 From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we
 come,
 Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to
 gain,
 But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in
 vain..

*Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
 That like our ancestors of old, we stand by Free-
 dom's cause ;* 6

*We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour
 and applause,
 And defy the French, with all their art, to alter
 our laws.*

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
 No luxurious tables enervate our race, 10
 Our loud-sounding pipe bears the true martial
 strain,

So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
 As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,

As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear
Such our love, &c. 16

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enraged when we rush on our foes ; 20
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance ;
But when our claymores they saw us produce, 26
Their courage did fail, and they sued for a truce,
Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase ;
And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove kind. 30

Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our laws,
And teach our late posterity to fight in freedom's cause,
That they like our ancestors bold, &c. 35

LITTLE WAT YE, &c.

*L*ITTLE wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Little wat ye wha's coming,
 Jock and Tam and a's coming.

Duncan's coming, Donald's coming,
 Colin's coming, Ronald's coming,
 Dougal's coming, Lauchlan's coming,
 Alaiter and a's coming.

Little wat ye wha's coming,
Jock and Tam and a's coming.

Forland and his men's coming,
 The Camerons and M'Lean's coming,
 The Gordons and M'Gregors coming,
 A' the Dunywaftles' coming,

Little wat ye, &c.
McGikrey of Drumglass is coming.

Wigton's coming, Nithsdale's coming,
 Carnwath's coming, Kenmure's coming,
 Derwentwater and Foster's coming,
 Withrington and Nairn's coming.

Little wat ye, &c.
Blyth Cowbill and a's coming.

20

The Laird of M'Intosh is coming,
 M'Crabie and M'Donald's coming,
 The M'Kenzie's and M'Pherson's coming, 25
 A' the wild M'Craws' coming.

Little wat ye, &c.

Donald Gun and a's coming.

They gloom, they glowr, they look sae big,
 At ilka stroke they'll fell a whig ; 30
 They'll fright the fuds of the Pockpuds,
 For mony a buttock bare's coming.

Little wat ye, &c.

THE ARCHERS MARCH.

SOUND, found the music, found it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,

 In praise of archery ;

Its origin divine is, 5
 The practice brave and fine is,
 Which generously inclines us
 To guard our liberty,

Art by the gods employed,
 By which heroes enjoyed, 10
 By which heroes enjoyed
 The wreath of victory.

The deity of Parnassus,
 The god of soft caresses,
 Chaiste Cynthia and her lasses
 Delight in archery.

15

See, see yon bow extended,
 'Tis Jove himself that bends it,
 'Tis Jove himself that bends it;
 O'er clouds on high it glows.

20

All nations, Turks and Parthians,
 The Tartars and the Scythians,
 The Arabs, Moors, and Indians,
 With brav'ry draw their bows.

Our own true records tells us,
 That none could e'er excel us,
 That none cou'd e'er excel us
 In martial archery;
 With shafts our fires engaging,
 Oppos'd the Romans raging,
 Defeat the fierce Norwegian,
 And spar'd few Danes to flee.

25

30

Witness Largs and Loncartie,
 Dunkel and Aberlemny,
 Dunkel and Aberlemny,
 Roslin and Bannockburn.

35

The Cheviots—all the border
 Were bowmen in brave order,
 Told enemies, if further
 They mov'd, they'd ne'er return.

40

Sound found the music, found it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,
 Let hills and dales rebound it,

In praise of archery :

Us'd as a game it pleases,
 The mind to joy it raises,
 And throws off all diseases

Of lazy luxury.

45

Now no more care beguiling,
 When all the year looks smiling,
 When all the year looks smiling

With healthful harmony :

The sun in glory glowing,
 With morning dew bestowing
 Sweet fragrance, life, and growing,
 To flowers and ev'ry tree.

50

'Tis now the archers royal,
 An hearty band and loyal,
 An hearty band and loyal,

That in just thoughts agree,

Appear in ancient bravery,
 Despising all base knavery,
 Which tends to bring in slavery
 Souls worthy to live free.

60

Sound, found the music, found it,
 Fill up the glaſs and round wi't,
 Fill up the glaſs and round wi't.

65

Health and prosperity
 To our great chief and officers,
 T' our President and Counsellors;
 To all who, like their brave forbears,
 Delight in archery.

71

FRAGMENTS.

EARL Douglas then wham nevir knicht
 Had valour mair nae courtesie,
 Is now fair blam'd by a the land
 For lichtlyng o' his gay ladie.

* * * * *

“ Gae little page, and tell my lord,
 “ Gin he will cum and dyne wi' me,
 “ I'll set him on afeat o' gowd,
 “ And serve him on my bended knie.

5.

* * * * *

“ Now wae betide ye black Fastnes,
 “ Bot and an ill deed may ye die!
 “ Ye was the first and foremost man
 “ Wha pairted my true lord and me.”

10.

* * * * *

She has called to her her bouri maidens,
 She has called them ane by ane ;
 “ Ther lyes a deid man in my bouri,
 “ I wish that he war gane.”

They hae booted him and spurred him, 5
 As he was wont to ryde.
 A hunting horn ty’d round his waist,
 A sharp sword by his syde.

Then up and spak a bonnie bird,
 That sat upo’ the trie ; 10
 “ What hae ye done wi’ Earl Richard,
 “ Ye was his gay ladie ?”

“ Cum doun, cum doun, my bonnie bird,
 “ And licht upo’ my hand ;
 “ And ye shall hae a cage o’ gowd, 15.
 “ Whare ye hae but the wand.”

“ Awa, awa, ye ill woman !
 “ Nae cage o’ gowd for me ;
 “ As ye hae done to Earl Richard,
 “ Sae wad ye doe to me.” 20.

* * * * *

See ye the castle's lonlie wa,
That rises in yon yle?
There Angus mourns that e'er he did
His sovereign's luve begyle.

* * * * *

" O will ye gae wi' me fair maid ?

“ O will ye gae wi’ me ?

" I'll set you on a bouir o' gowd

"Nae haly cell ye'fe drie?"

“O meikle lever wald I gang

"To bide for ay wi' thee,

" Then heid the king my father's will,

“ The haly cell to drie.

" Sin I maun nevir see nor speke

" Wi' him I luve fae deir,

"Ye are the first man in the land

"I wald cheis for my fere."

* * * * *

Whar yon cleir burn frae down the loch,
Rins saftlie to the sea,

There latelie bath'd in hete o' nune
A squire of valour hie.

He kend nae that the fause mermaid
There us'd to beik and play,
Or he had neir 'gane to the bathe,
I trow, that dreirie day.

Nae funer had he deft his claiths,
Nae funer gan to swim,
Than up she rais'd her bonnie face
Aboon the glittering streim.

“ O comelie youth, gin ye will cum
“ And be my leman deir,
“ Ye fall ha' pleasance o' ilk fort,
“ Bot any end or feir.

“ I'll tak ye to my emraud ha
“ Wi' perles lichted round;
“ Whar ye fall live wi' luve and me,
“ And ne'er by bale be found.

5

10

15

20



DUNCAN.

Saw ye the thane o' meikle pride,
 Red anger in his ee ?
 I saw him not, nor care, he cry'd,
 Red anger frights na me.

For I have stude whar honour bad, 5
 Though death trod on his heel ;
 Mean is the crest that stoops to fear,
 Nae sic may Duncan feel.

Hark ! hark ! or was it but the wind,
 That through the ha' did sing ; 10
 Hark ! hark ! agen ; a warlike sound,
 The black woods round do ring.

'Tis na for naught, bauld Duncan cry'd,
 Sic shoutings on the wind.
 Syne up he started frae his seat, 15
 A thrang of spears behind.

Haste, haste, my valiant hearts, he said,
 Anes mair to follow me ;

We'll meet yon shouters by the burn,
I gues wha they may be.

20

But wha is he that speids sae fast,
Frae the flaw marching thrang ;
Sae frae the mirk cloud shoots a beam,
The sky's blue face alang.

Some messenger it is, mayhap,
Then not at peace I trow.

25

My master, Duncan bade me rin,
And say these words to you :

Restore again that blooming rose,
Your rude hand pluckt awa' ;
Restore again his Mary fair,
Or you shall rue his fa'.

30

Three strides the gallant Duncan tuik,
He struck his forward spear :
Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
We are nae wont to fear.

35

He comes na on a wassail rout,
Of revel, sport, and play ;
Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
Lang e'er this ruefu' day.

40

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
Our hearts together grew,
Like twa sweet roses on ae stak,
Frae hate to love she flew.

Swift as a winged shaft he sped ; 45
 Bald Duncan said in jeer,
 Gae tell thy master, beardless youth,
 We are nae wont to fear.

He comes na on a wassail rout,
 Of revels, sport, and play ; 50
 Our swords gart Fame proclaim us men,
 Lang e'er this ruefu' day.

The rose I pluckt o' right is mine,
 Our hearts together grew ;
 Like twa sweet roses on ae stak, 55
 Frae hate to love they flew.

He stamp'd his foot upo' the ground,
 And thus in wrath did say.
 God strike my faul, if frae this field,
 We baith in life shall gae ! 60

He wav'd his hand : the pipers play'd,
 The targets clattered round ;
 And now between the meeting faes
 Was little space of ground.

But wha is she that rins sae fast ?
 Her feet nae stap they find ; 65
 Sae swiftly rides the milky cloud,
 Upo' the simmer's wind.

Her face a mantle screen'd afore,
 She show'd of lily hue ; 70

Sae frae the grey mist breaks the sun,
To drink the morning dew.

Alack ! my friends, what fight is this ?

O, stap your rage ! she cry'd ;
Whar love with honey'd lips should be,
Mak not a breach so wide. 75

Can then my uncle draw his sword,
My hufband's breast to bleed ?
Or can my sweet Lord do to him
Sic foul and ruthlefs deed ? 80

Bethink you, uncle, of the time,
My gray-hair'd father died,
Fraé war your shrill horn shuck the wood,
He sent for you with speed.

My brother, guard my bairn, he said,
She'll hae nae father soон ;
Regard her, Donald, as your ain,
I'll ask nae uther boon. 85

Would then my uncle force my love,
Whar love it coudna be ?
Or wed me to the man I hate ?
Was this his care of me ? 90

Can these brave men, who but of late,
Together chas'd the deer,
Against their comrades bend their bows,
In bluidy hunting here ? 95

She spake, while trickling ran the tear
 Her blushing cheek alang ;
 And silence, like a heavy cloud,
 O'er a' the warriors hang.

100

Syne stapt the red-hair'd Malcolm furth,
 Three-score his years and three ;
 Yet a' the strength of strongest youth,
 In sic an eild had he.

Nae pity was thiere in his breast, 105
 For war alane he loo'd ;
 His grey een sparkled at the fight
 Of plunder, death, and bluid.

What ! shall our hearts of steel, he said,
 Bend to a woman's fang ? 110
 Or can her words our honour quit,
 For sic dishonest wrang ?

For this did a' these warriors come,
 To hear an idle tale ?
 And o'er our death-accustomed arms, 115
 Shall silly tears prevail ?

They gied a shout, their bows they tuik,
 They clash'd their steely swords ;
 Like the loud waves of Barra's shore,
 There was nae room for words. 120

* * * * *

A cry the weepieg Mary gied,
 O uncle hear my prayer ;
 Heidna that man of bluidy look—
 She had na time for mair ;

For in the midst anon there came, 125
 A blind unwetting dart,
 That glanc'd frae aff her Duncan's targe,
 And strack her to the heart.

Awhile she stagger'd, syne she fell,
 And Duncan see'd her fa' ; 130
 Astound he stood, for in his limbs
 There was nae power at a'.

The spear he meant at faes to fling,
 Stood fix'd within his hand ;
 His lips half open cou'dna speak, 135
 His life was at a stand.

Sae the black stump of some auld aik,
 With arms in triumph dight,
 Seems to the traveller like a man,

* * * * *

KENNETH.

I WEIRD, I weird, hard-hearted lord,
 Thy fa' shall soon be seen ;
 Proud was the lily of the morn,
 The cald frost nipt or een :

Thou leughst in scorn when puir men weep'd, 5
 And strack the lowly down ;
 Sae fall nae widow weep for thine,
 When a' their joys are flown.

This night ye drink the sparkly wine ;
 I redd you drink your fill ; 10
 The morrow's fun shall drink your bluid,
 Afore he reach the hill.

I see the snaw-maned horses ride,
 Their glitt'ring swords they draw ;
 Their swords that shall nae glitter lang, 15
 Till Kenneth's pride shall fa'

The black Dog youl'd ; he saw the fight
 Nae man but I could see ;

High on fair Marg'ret's breast her sheet,
And deadly fix'd her ee : 28

Sae spake the seer ; wild in his een
His frightened spirit gaz'd :
Pale were his cheeks, and stiff his hair
Like boary bristles raif'd.

Loud, loud in Kenneth's lighted ha',
The sang of joy was heard ;
And mony a cup they fill'd again,
Afore the light appear'd. 25

“ War my son William now but here,
“ He wad na fail the pledge” — 30
“ Wi' that in at the door there ran
“ A ghoulty-looking page.

“ I saw them, Master, O ! I saw,
“ Beneath the thorney brae,
“ Of black-mail'd warriors mony a rank ;
“ Revenge ! he cried, and gae.” 35

The youth that bare Lord Kenneth's cup,
The saft smile on his cheek,
Frae his white hand let fa' the drink,
Nor did the baldest speak. 40

Sae have I seen the gray-wing'd shaft
That strak the noblest deer ;
Astounded gaz'd the trembling herd,
Nor could they flee for fear.

“ Ride, ride, and bid Lord William come : 45

“ His fathers fair beset.”—

“ It was Lord William’s horse that neigh’d ;

“ I heard them bar the yate.”

“ Welcome, my valiant son,” he said ;

“ Or should I welcome say, 50

“ In sic an ill hour, when you come

“ To meet thy father’s fae ?”

“ Curs’d be that thought,” bald William said ;

“ My father’s faes are mine ;

“ Lang has my breast frae Kenneth learn’d 55

“ Sic baby fear to tine.”

“ O Willlam ! had we kent yestreen.”—

“ Father, we ken it now ;

“ Let women tell what women will.”—

Syne three shrill blasts he blew. 60

Fair Marg’ret lay on downy bed ;

Yet was na found her rest ;

She waken’d wi’ Lord William’s horn,

And down she came in haste.

“ What mean you, Kenneth, by that blast ? 65

“ I wish my dreams bode guid ;

“ Upon a bed of lilies fair

“ I thought there rain’d red bluid.

“ My son ! my son ! may peace be there
 “ Whar noble William stands.”—

“ We are the lilies”, answer’d he,
 “ May their bluid weit our hands.”

“ What means my William by sic words ?
 “ Whase bluid would William spill ?
 “ I thought that horn had blawn in peace,
 “ That wak’d the night fae still.”

She luik’d ; but nane durst answer make,
 Till gallant William said,
 “ Aft has my mother bade us joy,
 “ When we to battail gade.

“ Again thy hands may work the plaid
 “ For him that fought the best ;
 “ Again may I hing up my ~~large~~
 “ Upon the pin to rest.

“ But William never liv’d to see ;
 “ Nor did his mother hear
 “ A warrior cry on William’s name,
 “ That was na found for fear.

“ And if we fa’, my gallant friends,
 “ We shall na fa’ alone ;
 “ Some honest hand shall write our deeds
 “ Upon the tallest stane.”—

“ Haste, Kenneth, haste ; for in the field
 “ The fire ey’d Walter rides ;

76

75

8a

85

90

“ G

“ His men, that come sae thrang wi’ hafte, 95
 “ For flaw delay he chides.”

“ By Mary, we will meet him there,”
 “ The angry William cry’d ;
 “ Thy son will try this Lion-fae,
 “ And you with Margaret bide.” 100

“ No, on my faith, the fword of youth
 “ Thy father yet can wield ;
 “ If that I shrink frae fiercest faes,
 “ My babies mock my eild.”

Then forth they rush’d, afore the yate 105
 The warriors fallied out :
 Lord William smil’d upon their ranks ;
 They answ’r’d wi’ a shout.

“ Gae rin, and say to Walter thus :
 “ What seek thae warriours here ! 110
 “ Or why the din of fiery war
 “ Astounds the peaceful ear ?”

“ Swift ran the page. “ Thus Kenneth says,
 “ What seek thae warriours here !
 “ Or why the din of fiery war 115
 “ Astounds the peaceful ear ?”

“ Gae tell thy master, frae this arm
 “ Mine answ’r will I gi’e ;

“ Remind him of his tyrant deeds,
“ And bid him answer me.

120

“ Wha was’t that flew my father dear ?
“ That bar’d my castle wa’ ?
“ Wha was’t that bade wild ruin bruid
“ Whar pipes did glad the ha’ ?”

“ Nor half way had the message sped,
“ When their tough bows they drew ;
“ But far attour the warriors heads
“ The shafts for anger flew.

125

“ Sae ever shute Lord Kenneth’s faes,”
The valiant William said ;
“ Wi’ this I war nae wi’ the wind.”
And drew his glittering blade.

130

Below the arrow’s arch they rush’d
Wi’ mony a shout, sae fast ;
Beneath the rainbow the big clouds
Sae drives the roaring blast.

135

Bald Walter sprang frae aff his steid,
And drove him o’er the lee ;
“ Curs’d be the name of that base cow’rd
“ That could but think to flee.”

140

Firmly he set his manly foot,
And firm his targe he bare ;

Never may Walter greet his friends,
If Kenneth see him mair.

* * * * *

Multa defunct.

Fair Margaret wi' her maidens sat 145

Within the painted wa' ;
She started at ilk breath of wind
That whistled through the ha'.

" Wha was't that gi'd yon cry below ? —

" Say, page, does ill betide ? " 150

" Kenneth and William baith are slain ;

" Mak haste, mak haste and ride."

Her maidens sciech'd : but any speech,

Nor wail of wae, had she ;

She bow'd her head, and fair she figh'd, 155

And cald death clos'd her ee.

FRENNET HALL. PART I.

WHEN Frennet castle's ivied wall
Thro' yallow leaves were seen ;

When birds forsook the sapless boughs,
And bees the faded green ;

The Lady Frennet, vengeful dame,
Did wander frae the ha',
To the wild forest's dewie gloom,
Among the leaves that fa'.

Her page, the swiftest of her train,
Had clumb a lofty tree,
Whase branches to the angry blast
Were souching mournfullie.

He turn'd his een towards the path
That near the castle lay,
Where good lord John and Rothermay
Were riding down the brae.

Swift darts the eagle from the sky,
When prey beneath is seen :
As quickly he forgot his hold,
And perch'd upon the green.

O hie thee, hie thee ! lady gay,
Frae this dark wood awa :
Some visitors of gallant mein
Are hastening to the ha'.

Then round she row'd her silken plaid,
Her feet she did na spare.
Until she left the forest skirts
A lang bow-shot and mair.

5

10

15

20

25

O where, O where, my good lord John,
 O tell me where you ride ?
 Within my castle-wall this night
 I hope you mean to bide.

30

Kind nobles, will ye but alight,
 In yonder bour to stay ;
 Saft ease shall teach you to forget
 The hardness of the way.

35

Forbear entreaty, gentle dame,
 How can we here remain ?
 Full well you ken your husband dear
 Was by our father slain.

40

The thoughts of which with fell revenge
 Your angry bosom swell :
 Enraged you've sworn that blood for blood
 Should this black passion quell.

O fear not, fear not, good lord John,
 That I will you betray,
 Or sue requital for a debt
 Which nature cannot pay.

45

Bear witness, a' ye powers on high,
 Ye lights that 'gin to shine,
 This night shall prove the sacred cord
 That knits your faith and mine.

50

The lady flee with honeyed words
 Entic'd thir youths to slay :
 But morning sun ne'er shone upon
 Lord John nor Rothemay.

55

To the tune of Leaderhaughs and Yarrow.

* * * * *

I DREAM'D a dreary dream last night ;
 God keep us a' frae sorrow :
 I dream'd I pu'd the birk sae green
 Wi' my true luve on Yarrow.

I'll read your dream, my sister dear,
 I'll tell you a' your sorrow :
 You pu'd the birk wi' your true luve ;
 He's kill'd he's kill'd on Yarrow.

5

O gentle wind, that bloweth south
 To where my love repaireth,
 Convey a kis from his dear mouth,
 And tell me how he fareth !

10

But o'er yon glen run armed men,
 Have wrought me dule and sorrow :
 They've slain, they've slain the comliest swain ;
 He bleeding lies on Yarrow.

15

LAMMIKIN.

To the tune of Gil Morrice.

A BETTER mafon than Lammikin
 Never builded wi' the stane :
Quha builded Lord Weires castell,
 But wages nevir gat nane.

* * * * *

“ Sen ze winnae gie me my guerdon, lord, \$
 “ Sen ze winna gie me my hyre,
 “ Yon proud castle, fae stately built,
 “ I fall gar rock wi' the fyre.

“ Sen ye winna gie me my wages, Lord, 162
 “ Ze fall hae cause to rue.”
 And syne he brewed a black revenge,
 And syne he vowed a vow.

* * * * *

“ Now byde at hame, my luve, my life,-
 “ I warde ze byde at hame : I 6

“ O gang nae to this day’s hunting, 15
 “ To leave me a’ my lane !

“ Zestreene, zestreene, I dreamt my bower
 “ Of red, red blude was fu’,
 “ Gin ye gang to this black hunting,
 “ I fall hae cause to rue.” 20

“ Quha looks to dreams, my winsome dame ?
 “ Ze hae nae cause to feare.”
 “ And syne he’s kist her comely cheek,
 “ And syne the starting teare.

And syne he’s gane to the good greene wode, 25
 And she to her painted bowir ;
 And she’s gard steeke doors, windows, yates,
 Of castle, ha, and towir.

They steeke doors, they steeke yates,
 Close to the cheek and chin ; 30
 They steeke them a’ but a little wicket,
 And Lammikin crap in.

Now quhere’s the lady of this castle,
 Nurse tell to Lammikin ?
 She’s sewing up intill her bowir : 35
 The fals Nourice she fung.

Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
 Quhile loud fals Nourice sings :
 Lammikin nipped the bonnie babe,
 Quhile hicht the red blue springs. 40

O gentle Nourice ! please my babe,
 O please him wi' the keys !
 It'll no be pleased, gay lady,
 Gin I'd sit on my knees.

Gude gentle Nourice, please my babe, 45
 O please him wi' a knife !
 He winna be pleased mistress myne,
 Gin I wad lay down my life.

Sweet Nourice, loud, loud cries my babe,
 O please him wi' the bell ! 50
 He winna be plased, gay lady,
 Till ze cum down yourself.

And quhen she saw the red, red blude,
 A loud scrich schriched she,
 O monster, monster ! spare my child, 55
 Quha nevir skaithed thee.

O spare ! gif in your bludy breast
 Albergs not heart of stane !
 O spare ! and ye fall hae of goud 60
 Quhat ze can carrie hame.

Dame, I want not your goud, he said ;
 Dame, I want not your fee ;
 I hae been wranged by your Lord,
 Ze fall black vengeance drie. 65

Here are nae serfs to guard your halls,
 Nae trusty speirmen here ;

They found the horn in gude grene wode,
And chafie the doe and deer.

Tho' merry sounds the gude grene wode, 70
Wi' huntsmen, hounds, and horn,
Zour Lord fall rue, e'er sets yon sun,
He hath done me skaith and scorn.

THE BONNY LASS OF LOCHROYAN.

O wha will shoe thy bonny feet ?
Or wha will glove thy hand ?
Or wha will lace thy middle-jimp,
With a lang, lang London whang ?

And wha will kame thy bonny head 5
With a Tabean birben kame ?
And wha will be my bairn's father,
Till love Gregory come hame ?

Thy father'll shoe his bonny feet ;
Thy mother'll glove his hand ;
Thy brither will lace his middle jimp 10.
With a lang lang London whang.

Myself will kame his bonny head
With a Tabean birben kame ;

And the Lord will be the bairn's father 15
 Till Gregory come hame.

Then she's gart build a bonny ship,
 It's a' cover'd o'er with pearl :
 And at every needle-tack was in't
 'There hang a filler-bell. 20

And she's awa ----
 To fail upon the sea :
 She's gane to seek love Gregory
 In lands whare'er he be.

She hadna fail'd a league but twa, 25
 Or scantily had she three,
 Till she met with a rude rover
 Was failing on the sea.

O whether art thou the queen hersell ?
 Or ane o' her Maries three ; 30
 Or art thou the lais of Lochroyan
 Seeking love Gregory ?

O I am not the queen hersell,
 Nor ane of her Maries three ;
 But I am the lais of Lochroyan 35
 Seeking love Gregory.

O sees na thou yon bonny bower,
 It's a' cover'd o'er with tin :
 When thou hast fail'd it rouud about,
 Love Gregory is within. 40

When she had sail'd it round about,
 She tirled at the pin :
 O open, open, love Gregory,
 Open and let me in !

For I am the lass of Lochroyan,
 45
 Banisht frae a' my kin.

[*His mother speaks to her from the bouse, and she thinks it him.*] 45

If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,
 As I know na thou be,
 Tell me some of the true takens
 That past between me and thee. 50

Hast thou na mind, Love Gregory,
 As we sat at the wine,
 We changed the rings aff ither's hands,
 And ay the best was mine ?

For mine was o' the gude red gould,
 55
 But thine was o' the tin ;
 And mine was true and trusty baith,
 But thine was fause within.

And hast thou na mind, love Gregory,
 As we sat on yon hill,
 Thou twin'd me of my maidenhead
 Right fair against my will ? 60

Now open, open, love Gregory,
 Open, and let me in ;
 For the rain rains on my gude cleeding, 65
 And the dew stands on my chin.

If thou be the lass of Lochroyan,
 As I know na thou be,
 Tell me some mair o' the takens
 Past between me and thee. 7•

Then she has turn'd her round about,
 Well, since it will be fae,
 Let never woman who has born a son
 Hae a heart fae full of wae.

Take down, take down that mast of gould, 75
 Set up a mast of tree ;
 For it disna become a forsaken lady
 To fail fae royallie.

[*The son speaks.*]

I dream't a dream this night, mother,
 I wish it may prove true, 80
 That the bonny lass of Lochroyan
 Was at the yate just now.

Lie still, lie still, my only son,
 And sound sleep mayst thou get ;
 For it's but an hour or little mair
 Since she was at the yate. 85

Awa, awa, ye wicked woman,
 And an ill deed may you die;
 Ye might have either letten her in,
 Or else have wakened me.

94

Gar saddle to me the black, he said,
 Gar saddle to me the brown,
 Gar saddle to me the swiftest steed
 That is in a' the town.

Now the first town he came to,
 The bells were ringing there;
 And the neist town he came to,
 Her corpse was coming there.

95

Set down, set down that comely corpse,
 Set down and let me see,
 Gin that be the lais of Lochroyan,
 That died for love o' me.

100

And he took out his little penknife,
 That hang down by his gare;
 And he's ripp'd up her winding-sheet,
 A lang claith yard and mair.

105

And first he kist her cherry-cheek,
 And syne he kist her chin,
 And neist he kist her rosy lips;
 There was nae breath within.

110

And he has ta'en his little penknife,
 With a heart that was fou fair;

He has given himself a deadly wound,
And word spoke never mair.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN.

IT fell, and about the Lammas time,
When husbandmen do win their hay,
Earl Douglas is to the English woods,
And a' with him to fetch a prey. .

He has chosen the Lindsays light, 5
With them the gallant Gordons gay,
And the Earl of Fyfe withouten strife,
And Sir Hugh Montgomery upon a grey.

They hae taken Northumberland,
And sae hae they the north-shire, 10
And the Otter-dale they burnt it hale,
And set it a' into a fire.

Out then spack a bonny boy,
That serv'd ane o' Earl Douglas' kin,
Methinks I see an English host 15
A-coming branken us upon.

If this be true, my little boy,
An it be troth that thou tells me,

The brawest bower in Otterburn
This day shall be thy morning fee,

20

But if it be false, my little boy,
But and a lie that thou tells me,
On the highest tree that's in Otterburn
With my awin hands I'll hing thee hic.

The boy's taen out his little penknife,
That hanget low down by his gare,
And he gae Earl Douglas a deadly wound,
Alas ! a deep wound and a fare.

25

Earl Douglas said to Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Tack thou the vanguard o' the three ;
And bury me at yon bracken bush,
That stands upon yon lilly lee.

30

Then Percy and Montgomery met,
And weel I wat they war na fain ;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And ay the blood ran down between.

35

O yield thee, yield thee, Percy, he said,
Or else I vow I'll lay thee low.
Whom to shall I yield ? said Earl Percy ;
Now that I see it maun be so.

40

O yield thee to yon braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilly lie,

I winna yield to a braken bush,
 Nor yet will I unto a brier ;
 But I wald yield to Earl Douglas, 45
 Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he was here.

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
 He stuck his fword's point in the ground :
 And Sir Hugh Montgomery was a courteous
 knight,
 And he quickly brought him by the hand. 50

This deed was done at Otterburn,
 About the breaking o' the day.
 Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
 And Percy led captive away. 54

THERE GOWANS ARE GAY.

THERE gowans are gay, my joy,
 There gowans are gay ;
 They gar me **wake** when I should sleep,
 The first morning of May.

About the fields as I did pass,
 There gowans are gay ;
 I chanc'd to meet a proper lass,
 The first morning of May. 5

Right busy was that bonny maid,
There gowans are gay ;
I halst her, syne to her I said,
The first morning of May :

O mistress fair, what do you here ?
There gowans are gay ;
Gathering the dew, what neid ye speir ?
The first morning of May.

The dew, quoth I, what can that mean ?
There gowans are gay ;
Quoth she, to wash my mistress clean,
The first morning of May.

I asked farder at hir syne,
There gowans are gay,
Gif to my will she wad incline ?
The first morning of May.

She said, her errand was not there,
Where gowans are gay ;
Her maidenhood on me to ware,
The first morning of May.

Then like an arrow frae a bow,
There gowans are gay ;
She skift away out o'er the know,
The first morning of May ;

And left me in the garth my lane,
There gowans are gay ;

And in my heart a twang of pain, 35
 The first morning of May.

The little birds they sang full sweet,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Unto my comfort 'was right meet,
 The first morning of May. 40

And thereabout I past my time,
 There gowans are gay ;
 Until it was the hour of prime,
 The first morning of May.

And then returned hame bedeen, 45
 There gowans are gay ;
 Pansand what maiden that had been,
 The first morning of May.

KERTONHA': OR, THE FAIRY COURT.

She's prickt hersell and prin'd hersell,
 By the ae light o' the moon,
 And she's awa to Kertonha',
 As fast as she can gang.

“ What gars ye pu' the rose, Jenny ? 5
 “ What gars ye break the tree ?

“ What gars you gang to Kertonha’,
 “ Without the leave of me ?”

“ Yes, I will pu’ the rose, Thomas,
 “ And I will break the tree ;
 “ For Kertonha’ shou’d be my ain,
 “ Nor ask I leave of thee.

“ Full pleasant is the fairy land,
 “ And happy there to dwell ;
 “ I am a fairy lyth and limb,
 “ Fair maiden view me well.

“ O pleasant is the fairy land !
 “ How happy there to dwell !
 “ But ay at every seven years end,
 “ We’re a’ dung down to hell.

“ The morn is good Hallow-e’en,
 “ And our court a’ will ride ;
 “ If ony maiden wins her man,
 “ Then she may be his bride.

“ But first ye’ll let the black gae by,
 “ And then ye’ll let the brown :
 “ Then I’ll ride on a milk-white steed,
 “ You’ll pu’ me to the ground.

“ And first, I’ll grow into your arms,
 “ An esk, but and an edder ;
 “ Had me fast, let me not gang,
 “ I’ll be your bairn’s father.

10

15

20

25

30

Next, I'll grow into your arms,

A tod, but and an eel ;

Had me fast, let me not gang,

If you do love me weel.

35

Last, I'll grow into your arms

A dove, but and a fwan ;

Then, maiden fair, you'll let me go,

I'll be a perfect man.

40

* * * * *

CLERK COLVILL : OR, THE MERMAID.

CLERK COLVILL and his lusty dame

Were walking in the garden green ;

The belt around her stately waist

Cost Clerk Colvill of pounds fifteen.

O promise me now, Clerk Colvill,

Or it will cost ye muckle strife ;

Ride never by the wells of Slane,

If ye wad live and brook your life.

5

Now speak nae mair, my lusty dame,

Now speak nae mair of that to me ;

VOL. I.

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Did I ne'er see a fair woman,
But I wad sin with her fair body ?

He's ta'en leave o' his gay lady,
Nought minding what his lady said ;
And he's rode by the wells of Slane,
Where washing was a bonny maid. 15

“ Wash on, wash on, my bonny maid,
“ That wash fae clean your fark of silk ;”
“ And weel fa’ you, fair gentleman,
“ Your body’s whiter than the milk.” 20

Then loud, loud cry’d the Clerk Colvill,
O my head it pains me fair ;
“ Then take, then take,” the maiden said,
“ And frae my fark you’ll cut a gare.”

Then she’s gi’ed him a little bane-knife, 25
And frae his fark he cut a share ;
She’s ty’d it round his whey-white face,
But ay his head it aked mair.

Then louder cry’d the Clerk Colvill,
“ O fairer, fairer akes my head ;” 30
“ And fairer, fairer ever will,”
The maiden crys, “ ’till you be dead.”

Out then he drew his shining blade,
Thinking to stick her where she stood ;

But she was vanish'd to a fish, 35
 And swam far off a fair mermaid.

O mother, mother, braid my hair ;
 My lusty lady, make my bed ;
 O brother, take my sword and spear,
 For I have seen the false mermaid. 40

* * * * *

WILLIE AND ANNET.

Liv'd ance twa luvers in yon dale
 And they lov'd ither weel,
 Frae ev'ning late to morning aire
 Of luv'ing luv'd their fill.

“ Now, Willie, gif you luve me weel, 5
 “ As fae it seems to me,
 “ Gar build, gar build a bonny schip,
 “ Gar build it speedilie.

“ And we will sail the sea fae green,
 “ Unto some far countrie, 10
 “ Or we'll sail to some bonie isle
 “ Stands lanely midst the sea.”

But lang or e'er the fchip was built,
 Or deck'd, or rigged out,
 Came sick a pain in Annet's back,
 That down she cou'd na lout.

“ Now, Willie, gif ye luve me weel,
 “ As sae it seems to me,
 “ O hafte, hafte, bring me to my bow'r,
 “ And my bow'r maidens three.”

He's taen her in his arms twa,
 And kifs'd her cheik and chin ;
 He's brocht her to her ain sweet bow'r,
 But nae bow'r-maid was in.

“ Now, leave my bower, Willie, she said,
 “ Now leave me to my lane ;
 “ Was nevir man in a lady's bower,
 “ When she was travelling.”

He's stepped three steps down the stair,
 Upon the marble stane :
 Sae loud's he heard his young son's greet,
 But and his lady's mane !

“ Now come, now*come, Willie, she said,
 “ Tak your young son frae me,
 “ And hie him to your mother's bower,
 “ With speed and privacie.”

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He's taen his young son in his arms,
 He's kiss'd him cheik and chin,
 He's hied him to his mother's bower
 By th' ae light of the moon.

40

And with him came the bold baron,
 And he spake up wi' pride,
 " Gar seek, gar seek the bower-maidens,
 " Gar busk, gar busk the bryde."

" My maidens, easy with my back,
 " And easy with my fide.
 " O set my faddle saft, Willie,
 " I am a tender bryde."

45

When she came to the burrow town,
 They gied her a broach and ring,
 And when she came to * * *
 They had a fair wedding.

50

O up then spake the Norland Lord,
 And blinkit wi' his ee,
 " I trow this lady's born a bairn ;"
 Then laucht loud lauchters three.

55

And up then spake the brisk bridegroom,
 And he spake up wi' prude,
 " Gin I should pawn my wedding-gloves,
 " I will dance wi' the bryde."

60

“ Now had your tongue, my Lord, she said,
 “ Wi dancing let me be,
 “ I am sae thin in flesh and blude,
 “ Sma’ dancing will serve me.”

But she’s taen Willie be the hand,

65

The tear blinded her ee;

“ But I wad dance wi my true luv—
 “ But bursts my heart in three.”

She’s taen her bracelet frae her arm,

70

Her garter frae her knee,

“ Gie that, gie that to my young son,
 “ He’ll ne’er his mother see.”

* * * * *

“ Gar deal, gar deal the bread, mother,

“ Gar deal, gar deal the wine;

“ This day hath feen my true love’s death,

75

“ This nicht shall witness mine.”

THE CRUEL KNIGHT.

THE Knight stands in the stable-door,
 As he was for to ryde,

When out then came his fair lady,
Desiring him to byde.

“ How can I byde, how dare I byde,

5

“ How can I byde with thee ?

“ Have I not kill'd thy ae brother !

“ Thou hadst nae mair but he.”

“ If you have kill'd my ae brother,

“ Alas ! and woe is me !

10

“ But if I save your fair body,

“ The better you'll like me.”

She's taen him to her secret bower,

Pinn'd with a filler-pin,

And she's up to her highest tower,

15

To watch that none come in.

She had na well gane up the stair,

And entered in her tower,

When four-and-twenty armed knights

Came riding to the door.

20

“ Now, God you save, my fair lady,

“ I pray you tell to me,

“ Saw you not a wounded knight

“ Come riding by this way ?

“ Yes ; bloody, bloody was his sword,

25

“ And bloody were his hands ;

“ But if the steed he rides be good,
 “ He’s past fair Scotland’s strands.

“ Light down, light down, then, gentlemen,
 “ And take some bread and wine ;

“ The better you will him pursue,
 “ When you shall lightly dine.”

“ We thank you for your bread, Lady,
 “ We thank you for your wine.

“ I would gie thrice three thousand pounds
 “ Your fair body was mine.”

Then she’s gane to her secret bower,
 Her husband dear to meet ;
 But out he drew his bloody sword,
 And wounded her very deep.

“ What aileth thee now, good my Lord,
 “ What aileth thee at me ?
 “ Have you not got my father’s gold,
 “ But and my mother’s fee ?”

“ Now live, now live, my fair lady,
 “ O live but half an hour,
 “ There’s ne’er a leech in fair Scotland
 “ But shall be at thy bower.”

“ How can I live, how shall I live,
 “ How can I live for thee ?

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“ See you not where my red heart’s blood
 “ Runs trickling down my knee !

* * * * *

WHA WILL BAKE, &c.

WHA will bake my bridal bread,
 And brew my bridal ale ?
 And wha will welcome my brisk bride
 That I bring o’er the dale ?

I will bake your bridal bread,
 And brew your bridal ale,
 And I will welcome your brisk bride
 That you bring o’er the dale.

But she that welcomes my brisk bride
 Maun gang like maiden fair,
 She maun lace on her robe fae jimp,
 And braid her yellow hair.

But how can I gang maiden-like,
 When maiden I am nane ?
 Have I not born seven sons to thee,
 And am with child agen ?

5

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15

She's taen her young son in her arms,
 Another in her hand,
 And she's up to the highest tower,
 To see him come to land.

20

You're welcome to your house, master,
 You're welcome to your land,
 You're welcome with your fair lady,
 That you lead by the hand.

* * * * *

And ay she serv'd the lang tables
 With white bread and with wine,
 And ay she drank the wan water,
 To had her colour fine.

25

Now he's taen down a silk napkin
 Hung on the silver-pin,
 And ay he wipes the tear trickling
 Adown her cheek and chin.

30

I'LL WAGER, I'LL WAGER, &c.

I'LL wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you,
 Five hundred merks and ten,

That a maid sha'nae go to yon bonny green wood,
And a maiden return agen.

I'll wager, I'll wager, I'll wager with you, 5
Five hundred merks and ten,
That a maid shall go to yon bonny green wood,
And a maiden return agen.

She's pu'd the blooms aff the broom-bush,
And strew'd them on's white haff-bane ; 10
This is a sign whereby ye may know
That a maiden was here, but she's gane.

O where was you, my good grey steed,
That I hae lo'ed fae dear ?
O why did you not waken me 15
When my true love was here ?

I stamped with my foot, master,
And gar'd my bridle ring,
But you wadnae waken frow your sleep,
Till your love was past and gane. 20

Now I may sing as dreary a fang,
As the bird sung on the brier,
For my true love is far remov'd,
And I'll ne'er see her mair. 24

JOHNNY'S GRAY BREEKS.

WHEN I was in my sc'enteenth year,
 I was baith blythe and bonny, O ;
 The lads lu'd me baith far and near,
 But I lu'd nane but Johnny, O.

He gain'd my heart in twa three weeks,
 He spak fae blythe and kindly, O ;
 And I made him new gray breeks
 That fitted him most finely, O.

He was a handsome fellow—

His humour was baith frank and free,
 His bonny locks fae yellow,
 Like gou'd they glitter'd in my ee ;
 His dimpled chin and rosy cheeks,
 And face so fair and ruddy, O ;
 And, then, a-day, his grey breeks
 Were neither auld nor duddy, O.

But now they are thread-bare worn,
 They're wider than they wont to be :
 They're tashed like and torn,
 And clouted fair on ilka knee.

But gin I had a summer's day,
 As I have had right mony, O,

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I'll mak a web o' new gray,
To be breeks to my Johnny, O.

For he's weel wordy o' them, 25

And better gin I had to gi'e,

And I'll tak pains upon them,

Frae faults I'll strive to keep them free.

To clad him weel shall be my care,

And please him a' my study, O ; 30

But he maun wear the auld pair

A wee, tho' they be duddy, O.

To the tune of Apron Deary.

My sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
Nae mair for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

O what had my youth with ambition to do ? 5

Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?

O gi' me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
I'll wander frae love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wild ocean secure me from love !

O fool ! to imagine that ought can subdue 10

A love so well founded, a passion so true.

O what had my youth, &c.

Alas ! 'tis o'er late at thy fate to repine ;
 Poor shepherd, Amynta nae mair can be thine :
 Thy tears are a' fruitless, thy wishes are vain, 16
 The moments neglected return nae again.

*O what bad my youth with ambition to do ?
 Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?
 O gi' me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,
 I'll wander frae love and Amynta no more.*

ALLOA-HOUSE.

THE spring-time returns, and clothes the green
 plains.

And Alloa shines more cheerful and gay ;
 The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring
 swains

Sing merrily round me where-ever I stray :
 But Sandy nae mair returns to my view ; 5

Nae spring-time me cheers, nae music can
 charm ;

He's gane ! and, I fear me, for ever; adieu !

Adieu every pleasure this bosom can warm !

O Alloa-house ! how much art thou chang'd !
 How silent, how dull to me is each grove ! 10

Alane I here wander where ance we both rang'd,
 Alas for to please me my Sandy ance strove !
 Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you tauld,
 Here listen'd too fond whenever you fung ;
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd
 cauld ? 15
 Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue ?

So spoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents supprest ;
 For fate, at that moment, brought back her dear
 swain,
 Who heard, and, wi' rapture, his Nelly ad-
 dreft : 20

My Nelly ! my fair, I come ; O my luve !
 Nae power shall thee tear again from my arms,
 And, Nelly, nae mair thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores a' thy
 charms.

She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her saft
 frame : 25
 And will you, my luve ! be true ? she replied :
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same ?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride ?
 O Nelly ! I live to find thee still kind ;
 Still true to thy swain, and lively as true : 30
 Then adieu to a' sorrow ; what soul is so blind,
 As not to live happy for ever with you ?

Same Tune.

Oh! how cou'd I venture to luve an like thee,
And you not despise a poor conquest like me?
On lords, thy admirers, cou'd look wi' disdain,
And knew I was naething, yet pity'd my pain?
You said, while they teaz'd you with nonsense
and 'dres,5
When real the passion, the vanity's lefs;
You saw thro' that silence which others despise,
And, while beaux were a-tauking, read luve in
my eyes.

O ! how shall I fauld thee, and kiss a' thy charms,
Till fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms ; 10
Thro' a' the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
Till sinking together, together we're lost !
Oh ! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can
cloy,
Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy ;
And when the short raptures are all at an end, 15
From beautiful mistrefs turns sensible friend ?

In a' that you do, in each look and each mein,
 The graces in waiting adorn you unseen. 20
 When I see you, I luve you ; when hearing,
 adore ;
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more ;
 Till mad wi' admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair ? 25
 I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa care :
 I'll ask thy advice when with troubles opprest,
 Which never displeases, but always is best.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgment enquire ;
 Thy wit shall correct what thy love did in-
 spire : 30
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no
 more.

AULD LANG SYNE.

SHOU'D auld acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with fears ?
 These are the noble hero's lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious wars :
 Welcome, my Varo, to my breast, 5
 Thy arms about me twine,

And mak me ance again as blest,
As I was lang syne.

Methinks around us on each bough

A thousand Cupids play,

Whilst through the groves I wauk with you,

Each object makes me gay :

Since your return, the sun and moon

With brighter beams do shine,

Streams murmur soft notes while they run,

As they did lang syne.

Despise the court and din o' state ;

Let that to their share fa',

Who can esteem such slav'ry great,

While bounded like a ba' :

But sunk in luve, upo' my arms

Let your brave head recline ;

We'll please ousels wi' mutual charms,

As we did lang syne.

O'er moor and dale wi' your gay friend

You may pursue the chace,

And, after a blyth bottle, end

A' cares in my embrace :

And in a vacant rainy day,

You shall be wholly mine ;

We'll mak the hours run smooth away,

And laugh at lang syne.

The hero, pleas'd wi' the sweet air,

The signs of gen'rous love,

16

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Which had been utter'd by the fair, 35
 Bow'd to the pow'rs above ;
 Next day, wi' glad consent and hasté,
 Th' approach'd the sacred shrine ;
 Where the good priest the couple blest,
 And put them out o' pine. 40

Same Tune.

WHEN flouri meadows deck the year,
 And sporting lambkins play,
 When spangled fields renew'd appear,
 And music wak'd the day ?
 Then did my Chloe leave her bow'r, 5
 To hear my am'rous lay,
 Warm'd by my love, she vow'd no power
 Shou'd lead her heart astray.

The warbling quires from ev'ry bough
 Surround our couch in thrangs, 10
 And a' their tunefu' art bestow,
 To gi' us change o' fangs :
 Scenes o' delight my soul posses'd,
 I bless'd, then hugg'd my maid ;
 I robb'd the kisses frae her breast, 15
 Sweet as a noon-day's shade.

But joy transporting never fails
 To flee awa' as air ;
 Another swain wi' her prevails
 To be as fause as fair.

What can my fatal passion cure ?
 I'll never woo again ;
 A' her disdain I maun endure,
 Adoring her in vain.

What pity 'tis to hear the boy
 Thus fighing wi' his pain !

But time and scorn may gi'e him joy,
 To hear her figh again.

Ah ! fickle Chloe, be advis'd,
 Do not thyself' beguile ;
 A faithful lover should be priz'd,
 Then cure him wi' a smile.

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ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat ?
 What verse be found to praise my Annie ?
 On her ten thousand graces wait ;
 Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
 Since first she trod the happy plain,
 She set each youthful heart on fire ;

5

Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie, 10
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
A' day the am'rous youths conveen ;
Joyous they sport and play before her ;
A' night, when she nae mair is seen, 15
In blisful dreams they still adore her.

Amang the crowd Amyntor came ;
He look'd, he luv'd, he bow'd to Annie ;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many. 20
Wi' smiles the lively maid reply'd,
Kind shepherd, why shou'd I deceive ye ?
Alas ! your love maun be deny'd,
This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came, with Cupid's art, 25
His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling.
He staw awa' my virgin heart ;
Cease, poor Amintor, cease bewailing.
Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are many ; 30
Then charm some heart that's unconfin'd
And leave to Damon his own Annie.

BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blythe, ilk morn, was I to see
 My swain come o'er the hill !
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me ;
 I met him wi' good will.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom, 5
The broom o' Cowdenknows ;
I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
Wi' his pipe and my ewes.

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay ; 10
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And chear'd me a' the day.
O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by ; 15
 Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
 Charm'd wi' his melody.
O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
 Betwixt our flocks and play, 20

I envy'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

O the broom, &c.

Hard fate! that I shou'd banish'd be,

Gang heavily and mourn,

25

Because I lov'd the kindest swain

That ever yet was born!

O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour;

Cou'd I but faithfu' be?

30

He staw my heart; cou'd I refuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,

That held my wee soup whey,

35

My plaidy, broach and crooked stick,

May now ly uselefs by.

O the broom. &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,

Farewell a' pleasures there;

40

Ye gods restore me to my swain,

Is a' I crave, or care.

O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,

The broom of Cowdenknows;

I wish I were with my dear swain,

With his pipe and my ewes.

Same Tune.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
 Sing their successful loves;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom 5
 So fair on Cowdenknows ;
 For sure so sweet, so soft a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaken reed,
 And won my yielding heart ; 10
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Cou'd play with half such art.

He sung of Tay, of Forth, of Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leaderhaughs and Leaderside,
 Oh ! how I blefs'd the sound. 15

Yet more delightful is the broom
 So fair on Cowdenknows ;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows. 20

Not Tiviot braes so green and gay
 May with this broom compare,
 Nor Yarrow banks in flowry May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowdenknows, 25
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes
 At ev'n among the broom.

Ye powers that haunt the woods and plains
 Where Tweed with Tiviot flows. 30
 Convey me to the best of swains,
 And my lov'd Cowdenknows.

BONNY JEAN.

LOVE's goddefs, in a myrtle grove,
 Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
 Nor let thy shaft at random rove,
 For Jenny's haughty heart maun bleed.
 The smiling boy with art divine, 5
 From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
 Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
 And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

Nae mair the nymph, wi haughty air,

Refuses Willy's kind address ;

Her yielding blushes shew nae care,

But too much fondness to suppress.

Nae mair the youth is fullen now,

But looks the gayest on the green,

Whilst ev'ry day he spies fome new

Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

10

15

A thousand transports crowd his breast,

He moves as light as fleeting wind ;

His former sorrows seem a jest,

Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind :

Riches he looks on wi disdain ;

The glorious fields of war look mean ;

The cheerful hound and horn give pain,

If absent from his bonny Jean.

20

The day he spends in amorous gaze,

25

Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems ;

When funk in downs, wi glad amaze,

He wonders at her in his dreams.

A' charms disclos'd, she looks more bright

Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan queen ;

Wi breaking day he lifts his sight,

And pants to be wi bonny Jean.

30

Same Tune.

Now Spring begins her smiling round,
 And lavish paints th' enamell'd ground ;
 The birds now lift their cheerful voice,
 And gay on every bough rejoice :
 The lovely Graces, hand in hand, 5
 Knit fast in Love's eternal band,
 With early step, at morning dawn,
 Tread lightly o'er the dewy lawn.

Where-e'er the youthful sisters move,
 They fire the soul to genial love : 10
 Now, by the river's painted side,
 The swain delights his country bride ;
 While, pleas'd, she hears his artless vows,
 Each bird his feather'd confort wooes :
 Soon will the ripen'd summer yield 15
 Her various gifts to ev'ry field.

The fertile trees, a lovely show !
 With ruby-tinctur'd birth shall glow ;
 Sweet smells from beds of lilies borne,
 Perfume the breezes of the morn : 20
 The smiling day and dewy night,
 To rural scenes my fair invite ;

With summer-sweets to feast her eye,
Yet soon, soon will the summer fly.

Attend, my lovely maid, and know
To profit by th' instructive flow.
Now young and blooming thou appears,
All in the flourish of thy years;
The lovely bud shall soon disclose
To ev'ry eye the blushing rose ;
Now, now, the tender stalk is seen,
With beauty fresh, and ever green :

But when the sunny hours are past,
Think not the coz'ning scene will last ;
Let not the flatterer, Hope, persuade,
Ah ! must I say that it will fade ?
For see the summer flies away,
Sad emblem of our own decay !
Now winter from the frozen north,
Drives swift his iron chariot forth.

His grisly hands in icy chains
Fair Tweda's silver stream constrains :
Cast up thy eyes, how bleak and bare
He wanders on the tops of Yare !
Behold his footsteps dire are seen
Confest o'er ev'ry with'ring green.
Griev'd at the sight, when thou shalt see
A snowy wreath to cloath each tree ;

Frequenting now the stream no more,
Thou fleest, displeas'd, the frozen shore.

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When thou shalt miss the flow'rs that grew
 But late, to charm thy ravish'd view ;
 Then shall a sigh thy soul invade,
 And o'er thy pleasures cast a shade ;
 Shall I, ah ! horrid ! wilt thou say,
 Be like to this some other day ?

55

But when in snow and dreary frost
 The pleasure of the field is lost,
 To blazing hearths at home we run,
 And fires supply the distant sun ;
 In gay delights our hours employ,
 And do not lose, but change our joy :
 Happy ! abandon ev'ry care ;
 To lead the dance, to court the fair.

60

To turn the page of sacred bards,
 To drain the bowl, and deal the cards.
 In cities thus, with witty friends,
 In smiles the hoary season ends.
 But when the lovely white and red
 From the pale ashy cheek is fled,
 Then wrinkles dire and age severe,
 Make beauty fly we know not where.

65

70

The fair, whom Fates unkind disarm,
 Ah ! must they ever cease to charm ?
 Or is there left some pleasing art,
 To keep secure a captive heart ?

75

Unhappy love ! may lovers say,
 Beauty, thy food does swift decay ;
 When once that short-liv'd stock is spent,
 What is't thy famine can prevent ?

80

Lay in good sense with timeous care,
 That Love may live on Wisdom's fare ;
 'Tho' Ecstacy with Beauty flies,
 Esteem is born when Beauty dies.
 Happy the man whom Fates decree
 Their richest gift in giving thee :
 Thy beauty shall his youth engage,
 Thy wisdom shall delight his age.

85

BANKS OF FORTH.

AWAKE, my love, with genial ray
 The sun returning glads the day ;
 Awake, the balmy zephyr blows ;
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisie glows ;
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle woos his tender bride ;
 To love each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth in dimples glides along.

5

O more than blooming daisies fair !
 More fragrant than the vernal air !

10

More gentle than the turtle-dove,
 Or streams that murmur through the grove !
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring ;
 Then come, the transient bliss enjoy ; 15
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

Same Tune.

YE sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
 Where sweetly winding Fortha glides,
 Conduct me to these banks again,
 Since there my charming Molly bides.
 These banks that breathe their vernal sweets, 5
 Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets ;
 Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
 And cheer the heart of ev'ry swain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,
 When I, amidst the rural throng,
 On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
 And Molly's charms were all my song.
 While she was present, all were gay,
 No sorrow did our mirth allay ;
 We sung of pleasure, sung of love, 15
 And music breath'd in every grove.

O then was I the happiest swain !

No adverse fortune marr'd my joy ;
The shepherd sigh'd for her in vain,

On me she smil'd, to them was coy. 20
O'er Forth's mazy banks we stray'd :
I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid ;
The beauteous maid my love return'd,
And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,

Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
It was my happy chance to find

The charming Molly lull'd asleep :
My heart then leap'd with inward bliss,
I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss ; 30
She wak'd, she blush'd, and faintly blam'd ;
Why, Damon, are you not ashamed ?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,

Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,
Alternately we sung our loves,

And Forth's fair meanders view'd.
The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
Love was our banquet all the while ;
The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
To where the ocean met the sky. 40

Ye sylvan powers, ye rural gods,

To whom we swains our cares impart,
Restore me to these blest'd abodes,

And ease, oh ease ! my love-sick heart ;

These happy days again restore, 45
 When Moll and I shall part no more ;
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my bliss with all her charms.

BUSH ABOON TRAQUAIR.

HEAR me, ye nymphs, and ev'ry swain,
 I'll tell how Peggy grieves me ;
 Though thus I languish, thus complain,
 Alas ! she ne'er believes me.
 My vows and sighs, like silent air,
 Unheeded never move her.
 At the bonny bush aboon Traquair,
 'Twas there I first did love her.

That day she smil'd, and made me glad;

No maid seem'd ever kinder;

I thought myself the luckiest lad,

So sweetly there to find her.

I try'd to soothe my am'rous flame,

In words that I thought tender ;

If more there pass'd, I'm not to blame,

I meant not to offend her.

10

15

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
 The fields we then frequented ;
 If e'er we meet, she shews disdain,
 She looks as ne'er acquainted.

The bonny bush bloom'd fair in May,
 Its sweets I'll ay remember ;
 But now her frowns make it decay,
 It fades as in December.

Ye rural pow'rs, who hear my strains,
 Why thus should Peggy grieve me ?
 Oh ! mak her partner in my pains,
 Then let her smiles relieve me.
 If not, my love will turn despair,
 My passion nae mair tender ;
 I'll leave the bush aboon Traquair,
 To lonely wilds I'll wander.

26

25

30

BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay ;
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,

5

And in saft raptures waste the day
 Amang the birks of Invermay.

For soон the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear ; 10
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade ;
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more ;
 And when they droop and we decay, 15
 Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites fing,
 The rocks around wi' echoes ring,
 The mavis and the blackbird vie
 In tunefu' strains to glad the day ; 20
 The woods now wear their summer-suits,
 To mirth a' nature now invites ;
 Let us be blythsome then, and gay,
 Amang the birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around 25
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams ;
 The busy bees with humming noise,
 And a' the reptile kind rejoice ; 30
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fa',
 Loudly my love to gladness ca' ;
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,
 And fishes play throughout the streams ;
 The circling sun does now advance,
 And all the planets round him dance ;
 Let us as jovial be as they
 Amang the birks of Invermay.

35

40

To the Tune of " I'll never leave thee."

Oh spare that dreadful thought,
 If I should leave thee !
 May I all pleasure leave,
 Lads, when I leave thee !
 Leave thee, leave thee !
 How can I leave thee ?
 May I all pleasure leave,
 Lads, when I leave thee !

5

By all the joys of love
 I'll never leave thee.

10

May I all pleasure leave,
 Lads, when I leave thee !
 Leave thee, leave thee !
 How can I leave thee ?
 May I all pleasure leave,
 Lads, when I leave thee !

15

RONDEL OF LUFE.

Lo quhat it is to lufe.
 Lern ye that list to prufe ;
 Be me, I fay, that no ways may
 The grund of grief remufe :
 Bot still decay both nicht and day. 5
 Lo quhat it is to lufe !

Lufe is ane fervent fyre
 Kendillet with defyre ;
 Schort plefour, lang displesour,
 Repentance is the hyre ; 10
 Ane puir trefour without meffour.
 Lufe is ane fervent fyre.

To lufe and to be wyifs ;
 To rege with gude advyifs ;
 Now thus, now than, so goes the game ; 15
 Incertaine is the dyifs.
 Thair is no man, I fay, that can
 Both lufe and to be wyifs.

Flē alwayis frome the snair :
 Lerne at me to beware 20

It is ane pane, and double trane,
Of endles wo and cair.
For to refrane that danger plane,
Fle alwyis frome the snair.

24

TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

OH! I hae lost my silkin snood,
That tied my hair fae yellow :
I've gi'en my heart to the lad I loo'd ;
He was a gallant fellow.

And twine it weel, my bonny dow, 5
And twine it weel, the plaiden ;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een fae bonny blue,
Sae lily white my skin o',
And syne he prie'd my bonny meu,
And swore it was nae sin o'.

And twine it weel, my bonny dow, 10
And twine it weel, the plaiden ;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.

But he has left the lass he loo'd,
His ain true love forsaken,

15

10

15

Which gars me fair to greet the snood,
I lost amang the bracken.

20

*And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
And twine it weel, the plaiden ;
The laffie lost her silken snood,
In pu'ing of the bracken.*

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld and the kye at hame,
And a' the weary warld to rest are gane ;
The waes of my heart fa' in show'rs frae my ee,
While my gudeman lies found by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for his bride,

5

But saving a crown, he had naething beside ;
To mak' the crown a poun', my Jamie gaid to sea,
And the crown and the poun' were baith for me.

He had na been away a twelmonth and a day
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stoun away ;

10

My father brak' his arm, and my Jamie at the sea,
And auld Robin Gray came a courting me.

My heart it faid na, and I look'd for Jamie back ;
 But the wind it blew hard, and the ship it was a wrack.

The ship it was a wrack, why didna' Jenny dee ?
 O why was she spar'd to cry, Wae's me ?

My father coudna' work, and my mither doughtna' spin ;

I toil'd day and night, but their bread I coudna' win ;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and with tears in his ee, 15

Said, Jenny, for their sakes, oh marry me.

My father argued fair ; and my mither didna' speak,

But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break ;

Sae I gae him my hand, but my heart was on the sea ;

And auld Robin Gray was gudeman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four, 25
 When fitting sae mournfully ae night at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I coudna' think it he,

Till he said, I'm come hame, love, to marry thee.

O fair did we greet ; and little did we say ;
 We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves a-way. 30

I wish I were dead ; but I'm nae like to die ;
 How lang shall I live to cry, O waes me ?

I gang like a ghaist, and I downa' think to spin ;
 I darena' think on Jamie ; for that would be a
 sin ;

But I'll e'en do my best a gude wife to be, 35
 For auld Robin Gray is ay kind to me.

FAIR HELEN.

I wish I were where Helen lies,
 Who night and day upon me cries,
 Who night and day upon me cries ;
 I wish I were where Helen lies,
 On fair Kirkonnel Lee. 3

O Helen fair, O Helen chaste,
 If I were with thee, I were blest ;
 Where low thou liest, and at thy rest,
 Oh ! were I with thee, I'd be blest,
 On fair Kirkonnel Lee. 10

I wish my grave were growing green,
 And winding-sheet put o'er my een,
 And winding-sheet put o'er my een ;
 I wish my grave were growing green,
 On fair Kirkonnel Lee. 15

Wae to the heart that fram'd the thought,
 And curst the hand that fir'd the shot,
 And curst the hand that fir'd the shot,
 When in my arms my Helen dropt,
 And died for love of me.

20

LEANDER ON THE BAY.

LEANDER on the Bay
 Of Hellespont all naked stood,
 Impatient of delay,
 He leapt into the fatal flood,
 The raging seas,
 Whom none can please,
 'Gainst him their malice show :
 The heav'ns lowr'd,
 The rain down pour'd,
 And loud the winds did blow.

3

10

Then casting round his eyes,
 Thus of his fate he did complain :
 Ye cruel rocks and skies !
 Ye stormy winds, and angry main !
 What 'tis to mifs
 The lover's blifs,
 Alas ! ye do not know ;
 Make me your wreck
 As I come back,
 But spare me as I go.

15

20

Lo ! yonder stands the tower
 Where my beloved Hero lies,
 And this is the appointed hour
 Which sets to watch her longing eyes.

To his fond suit
 The gods were mute ;

The billows answer, no :
 Up to the skies
 The surges rise,
 But sunk the youth as low.

25

30

Meanwhile the wishing maid,
 Divided 'twixt her care and love,
 Now does his stay upbraid ;
 Now dreads he shou'd the passage prove :

O fate ! said she,
 Nor heav'n, nor thee,

Our vows shall e'er divide ;
 I'd leap this wall,
 Cou'd I but fall

By my Leander's side. 40

35

At length the rising sun
 Did to her sight reveal, too late,
 That Hero was undone ;
 Not by Leander's fault, but fate.

Said she, I'll shew,
 'Tho' we are two,

Our loves were ever one :
 This proof I'll give,
 I will not live,
 Nor shall he die alone.

45

50

Down from the wall she leapt
 Into the raging seas to him,
Courting each wave she met,
 To teach her wearied arms to swim :

The sea-gods wept,
Nor longer kept

Her from her lover's side :

When, join'd at last,
She grasp'd him fast,

Then sigh'd, embrac'd, and died.

55

60

BLACKFORD HILL.

THE man wha lues fair nature's charms,
Let him gae to Blackford hill ;
And wander there amang the craigs,
Or down aside the rill ;
That murmuring through the pebbles play
And banks whar daisies spring ;
While, fra ilk bush and tree, the birds
In sweetest concert sing.

The lintie the sharp treble sounds ;
The laverock tenor plays ;
The blackbird and the mavis join
To form a solemn base ;

Sweet Echo the loud air repeats,
 Till a' the valley rings :
 While odorous scents the westlin wind
 Frae thousand wild flowers brings. 15

The Hermitage aside the burn
 In shady covert lies,
 Frae Pride and Folly's noisy rounds
 Fit refuge for the wife ; 20
 Wha there may study as they list,
 And pleasures taste at will,
 Yet never leave the varied bounds
 Of bonny Blackford hill.

BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

BY MR. BLACKLOCK.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 Ae ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain :
 So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
 The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
 flow ;
 Rude winds, wi' compassion, cou'd hear him com-
 plain, 5
 Yet Chloe, leſs gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my
view ;

Those eyes then, wi pleasure, the dawn cou'd sur-
vey,

Nor smil'd the fair morning mair cheerfu' than
they ;

Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

10

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair, 15
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires : 20
I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind :
Ah, wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care ?
To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

BRAES OF YARROW.

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
 Busk and go to the braes of Yarrow.
 There will we sport and gather dew, 5
 Dancing while lav'rocks sing the morning :
 There learn from turtles to prove true ;
 O Bell, ne'er vex me with thy scorning.

To westlin breezes Flora yields,
 And when the beams are kindly warming, 10
 Blythnes appears o'er all the fields,
 And nature looks mair fresh and charming.
 Learn frae the burns that trace the mead,
 Tho' on their banks the roses blossom,
 Yet hastily they flow to Tweed, 15
 And pour their sweetnes in his bosom.

Haste ye, haste ye, my bonny Bell,
 Haste to my arms, and there I'll guard thee,
 Wi' free consent my fears repel,
 I'll wi' my love and care reward thee. 20
 Thus sang I saftly to my fair,
 Who rais'd my hopes with kind relenting ;
 O queen of smiles, I ask nae mair,
 Since now my bonny Bell's consenting.

BONNY BOATMAN.

YE gales that gently wave the sea,
 And please the canny boatman,
 Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
 My brave, my bonny Scot—man :

In haly bands

We join'd our hands,

Yet may not this discover,

While parents rate

A large estate,

Before a faithfu' lover.

5

10

But I loor chuse in Highland glens
 To herd the kid and goat—man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little ends
 Refuse my bonny Scot—man.

Wae worth the man

Wha first began

The base ungen'rous fashion,

Frae greedy views

Love's arts to use,

While stranger to its passion.

15

20

Frae foreign fields, my lovely youth,
 Haste to thy longing laffie,

Who pants to press thy bawmy youth,
And in her bosom haufe thee.

Love gi'es the word, 25

Then haste on board,

Fair winds and tenty boatman,

Waft o'er, waft o'er

Frae yonder shore,

My blyth, my bonny Scot—man. 30

BLINK OVER THE BURN, SWEET BETTY.

LEAVE kindred and friends, sweet Betty,

Leave kindred and friends for me :

Affur'd thy servant is steady

To love, to honour, and thee.

The gifts of nature and fortune

May flee by chance as they came ;

They're grounds the destinies sport on,

But virtue is ever the same.

Altho' my fancy were roving,

Thy charms so heav'ly appear,

That other beauties disproving,

I'd worship thine only, my dear.

And shou'd life's sorrows embitter

The pleasure we promis'd our loves,

VOL. I. M

To share them together is fitter,
Than moan asunder like doves.

15

Oh ! were I but ance so blessed,
To grasp my love in my arms !
By thee to be grasp'd, and kissed !
And live on thy heaven of charms !
I'd laugh at Fortune's caprices,
Shou'd Fortune capricious pruve ;
Though death should tear me to pieces,
I'd die a martyr to luve.

20

BONNY BESSY.

BESSY's beauties shine sae bright ;
Were her mony virtues fewer,
She wad ever gie delight,
And in transport mak me view her.
Bonny Bessy, thee alone
Love I, naething else about thee ;
With thy comeliness I'm tane,
And langer canna live without thee.

5

Bessy's bosom's saft and warm,
Milk-white fingers still employ'd,
He who takts her to his arm,
Of her sweets can ne'er be cloy'd.

10

My dear Bessy ; when the roses
 Leave thy cheek, as thou grows aulder,
 Virtue, which thy mind discloses, 15
 Will keep love from growing caulder.

Bessy's tocher is but scanty,
 Yet her face and soul discovers
 Those enchanting sweets in plenty
 Maun entice a thousand lovers. 20
 It's not money, but a woman
 Of a temper kind and easy,
 That gives happiness uncommon ;
 Petted things can nought but teaze ye.

BONIEST LASS IN A' THE WARLD.

Look where my dear Hamilla smiles,
 Hamilla ! heavenly charmer ;
 See how wi' a' their arts and wiles
 The Loves and Graces arm her.
 A blush dwells glowing on her cheeks, 5
 Fair feats of youthful pleasures,
 There love in smiling language speaks,
 There spreads his rosy treasures.

O fairest maid ! I own thy power,
 I gaze, I sigh, and languish,
 Yet ever, ever will adore,
 And triumph in my anguish.
 But ease, O charmer ! ease my care,
 And let my torments move thee ;
 As thou art fairest of the fair,
 So I the dearest love thee.

10

15

BONNY CHRISTY.

How sweetly smells the simmer green !
 Sweet taste the peach and cherry ;
 Painting and order please our een,
 And claret makes us merry :
 But finest colours, fruits, and flow'rs,
 And wine, though I be thirsty,
 Lose a' their charms and weaker powers,
 Compar'd with those of Christy.

When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry park,
 Nae nat'ral beauty wanting,
 How lightsome is't to hear the lark,
 And birds in concert chanting ?
 But if my Christy tunes her voice,
 I'm wrapt in admiration ;

16

My thoughts with ecstacies rejoice, 15
 And drap the hale creation,

Whene'er she smiles a kindly glance,
 I tak the happy omen,
 And aften mint to make advance,
 Hoping she'll prove a woman : 20
 But, dubious of my ain desert,
 My sentiments I smother ;
 With secret sighs I vex my heart,
 For fear she loves another.

Thus sang blate Edie by a burn, 25
 His Christy did o'er-hear him ;
 She doughtna let her lover mourn,
 But, e'er he wist, drew near him.
 She spake her favour with a look,
 Which left nae room to doubt her ; 30
 He wisely this white minute took,
 And flang his arms about her.

My Christy !—witnes, bonny stream,
 Sic joys frae tears arising,
 I wish this may na be a dream ; 35
 O love the maist surprising !
 Time was too precious now for tauk ;
 This point of a' his wishes
 He wadna with fet speeches bauk,
 But war'd it a' on kiffes. 40

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O BESSY BELL and Mary Gray,
 'They war twa bonny lasses,
 They bigg'd a bower on yon burn brae
 And theeked it o'er wi' rashes.
 Fair Bessy Bell I loe'ed yestreen,
 And thought I ne'er could alter :
 But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
 They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
 She smiles like a May morning.
 When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
 The hills with rays adorning :
 White is her neck, saft is her hand,
 Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;
 With ilka grace she can command ;
 Her lips, O wow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a craw,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay fae clean, red up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is ;

5

10

15

20

And guides her airs fae gracefu' still,
O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray, 25

Ye unco fair oppres us ;
Our fancies jee between you twae,
Ye are sic bonny lasses :
Waes me ! for baith I canna get,
To ane by law we're stented ; 30
Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
And be with ane contented.

BONNY LASS OF BRANKSOME.

As I came in by Tiviot-side,
And by the braes of Branksome,
There first I saw my bonny bride,
Young, smiling, sweet, and handsome ;
Her skin was safter than the down, 3
And white as alabaster ;
Her hair a shining wavy brown ;
In straightness nane surpast her.

Life glow'd upon her lip and cheek,
Her clear een were surprising,

And beautifully turn'd her neck,
Her little breasts just rising.

Nae silken hofe wi' gooshets fine,
Or shoon wi' glancing laces,
On her bare leg forbade to shine,
Well-shapen native graces.

25

Ae little coat, and bodice white,
Was sum of a' her claitheing ;
Ev'n these o'er meikle ;—mair delyte
She'd given cled wi' naething.

20

She lean'd upon a flowry brae,
By which a burnie trotted ;
On her I glowr'd my faul away,
While on her sweets I doated.

A thousand beauties of desert
Before had scarce alarm'd me,
Till this dear artlefs struck my heart,
And, but designing, charm'd me.
Hurry'd by love, close to my breast
I grasp'd this fund of blisses ;
Wha smil'd, and said, Without a priest,
Sir, hope for nought but kifles.

25

30

I had nae heart to do her harm,
And yet I cou'dna want her ;
What she demanded, ilka charm
Of hers pled, I shou'd grant her.

35

Since Heav'n had dealt to me a routh,
 Straight to the kirk I led her ;
 There plighted her my faith and trowth,
 And a young lady made her.

40

CHARMS OF LOVELY PEGGY.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell ;
 A flame which time can never quell,
 That burns for thee, my Peggy.
 Yet greater bards the lyre should hit ;
 For pray what subject is more fit,
 Than to record the sacred wit,
 And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

§

The sun just rising in the morn,
 That paints the new-bespangled thorn,
 Does not so much the day adorn

10

As does my lovely Peggy.
 And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
 He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
 He's not so beauteous, as undrest,

15

Appears my lovely Peggy.

Were she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon my oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy.

28

With her a cottage would delight,
All pleases while she's in my sight ;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,

All dark without my Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
They do not half the sweets disclose,

As does my lovely Peggy.

25

I stole a kiss the other day,
And, trust me, nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming May

Was not so sweet as Peggy.

30

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,

35

So lang I'll love my Peggy.

And when Death, with his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that wounds my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,

Adieu, my lovely Peggy.

40

COLD FROSTY MORNING.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasures did crown,
 Upon a green meadow, or under a tree,
 E'er Annie became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she ?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie, 5
 Let ne'er a new whim ding thy fancy a-jee :
 O ! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
 And favour thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

Does the death of a lintwhite give Annie the spleen ?
 Can tyning of trifles be uneasy to thee ? 10.
 Can lapdogs or monkies draw tears from thosf een,
 That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me ?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And dinna prefer a paroquet to me :
 O ! as thou art bonny, be prudent and canny, 15
 And think upon Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Ah ! should a new mantua or Flanders lace head,
 Or yet a wee coatie, though never so fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetful, or let his heart bleed,
 That anes had some hope of purchasig thine ? 20

Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie;
 And dinna prefer ye'r fleegaries to me :
 O ! as thou art bonny, be solid and canny,
 And tent a true lover that doats upon thee.

Shall a Paris edition of new-fangled Sany, 25
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' laces and fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,
 And aim at those bennifons promis'd to me ?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And never prefer a light dancer to me : 32
 O ! as thou art bonny, be constant and canny,
 Love only thy Jamie wha dotes upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer ! on ilka sweet hour,
 That slade away saftly between thee and me,
 E'er squirrels, or beaus, or fopp'ry had pow'r 35
 To rival my love, or impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Annie,
 And let thy desires be a' eenter'd in me :
 O ! as thou art bonny, be faithful and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee. 40

CORN RIGGS ARE BONNY.

My PATIE is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,

His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size ;
He's stately in his wawking ;
The shining of his een surprise ;
'Tis heav'n to hear him tawking.

Last night I met him on a bawk,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There mony a kindly word he spake,
That set my heart a-glowing.

He kis'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And loo'd me best of ony ;
That gars me like to sing sinsyne,
O corn riggs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting :

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late
Where corn riggs are bonny.

COLLIER'S BONNY LASSIE.

THE collier has a daughter,
 And O she's wond'rous bonny ;
 A laird he was that fought her,
 Rich baith in lands and money :
 The tutors watch'd the motion. 5
 Of this young honest lover ;
 But love is like the ocean ;
 Wha can its depth discover !

He had the art to please ye,
 And was by a' respected ; 10
 His airs sat round him easy,
 Genteel, but unaffected.
 The collier's bonny lassie,
 Fair as the new-born lillie,
 Ay sweet, and never saucy,
 Secur'd the heart of Willie. 15

He lov'd beyond expression
 The charms that were about her,
 And panted for possession,
 His life was dull without her. 20

After mature resolv'ing,
 Close to his breast he held her,
 In fastest flames dissolving,
 He tenderly thus tell'd her :

My bonny collier's daughter, 25
 Let naething discompose ye,
 'Tis no your scanty tocher
 Shall ever gar me lose ye :
 For I have gear in plenty,
 And love says, 'tis my duty 30.
 To ware what Heaven has lent me,
 Upon your wit and beauty.

DOWN THE BURN, DAVIE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee ;
 Blyth Davie's blinks her heart did move 5
 To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie, love,
And I shall follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this burn side, 70

And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride :
 Her cheeks were rosie, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue :
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew. 15

As down the burn they took their way,
 What tender tales they said !
 His cheek to hers he aft did lay,
 And with her bosom play'd ; 23
 Till baith at length impatient grown,
 To be mair fully blest,
 In yonder vale they lean'd them down ;
 Love only saw the rest.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play, 25
And naething sure unmeet ;
For ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a wawk sae sweet ;
And that they often shou'd return
Sick pleasure to renew.

Quoth Mary, Love, I like the burn, 32
And ay shall follow you.

DUMBARTON DRUMS.

DUMBARTON's drums beat bonny—O
 When they mind me of my dear Johnny—O.
 How happy am I,
 When my soldier is by,
 While he kisses and blesses his Annie—O ! 5
 'Tis a soldier alone can delight me—O,
 For his graceful looks do invite me—O :
 While guarded in his arms,
 I'll fear no war's alarms,
 Neither danger nor death shall e'er fright me—O.

My love is a handsome laddie—O, 11
 Genteel, but ne'er foppish nor gaudy—O :
 Tho' commissions are dear,
 Yet I'll buy him one this year ;
 For he shall serve no longer a cadie—O. 15
 A soldier has honour and bravery—O,
 Unacquainted with rogues and their knavery—O :
 He minds no other thing
 But the ladies or the king :
 For every other care is but slavery—O. 20

Then I'll be the captain's lady—O :
 Farewell all my friends, and my daddy—O ;

I'll wait no more at home,
 But I'll follow with the drum,
 And whene'er that beats I'll be ready—O. 25
 Dumbarton's drums found bonny—O,
 They are sprightly like my dear Johnny—O:
 How happy shall I be,
 When on my soldier's knee,
 And he kisses and blesses his Annie—O! 30

DUNT, DUNT, PITIE, PATTIE.

ON Whitsunday morning
 I went to the fair,
 My yellow-hair'd laddie
 Was selling his ware ;
 He gied me sick a blyth blink 5
 With his bonny black ee,
 And a dear blink, and a fair blink
 It was unto me.

I wist not what ail'd me
 When my laddie came in,
 The little wee starnies
 Flew ay frae my een ;
 And the sweat it dropt down 10
 Frae my very ee-brie,

And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie,

15

I wist not what ail'd me,
When I went to my bed ;
I tossed and tumbled,
And sleep frae me fled.

20

Now, its sleeping and waking
He's ay in my ee,
And my heart play'd ay
Dunt, dunt, dunt, pittie, pattie.

THE DECEIVER.

WITH tuneful pipe and hearty glee,
Young Watty wan my heart ;
A blyther lad ye coudna see,
All beauty without art.

His winning tale
Did soon prevail
To gain my fond belief ;
But soon the swain
Gangs o'er the plain,
And leaves me full, and leaves me full,
And leaves me full of grief.

16

Though Colin courts with tuneful fang,
 Yet few regard his mane ;
 The lasses a' round Watty thrang,
 While Colin's left alone : 15

In Aberdeen
 Was never seen
 A lad that gave sic pain ;
 He daily woos,
 And still pursues,
 Till he does all, till he does all,
 Till he does all obtain.

20

But soon as he has gain'd the bliss,
 Away then does he run,
 And hardly will afford a kiss
 To fillie me undone :
 Bonny Katty,
 Maggy, Beatty,
 Avoid the roving swain ;
 His wyly tongue
 Be sure to shun,
 Or you like me, or you like me,
 Like me will be undone.

25

30

ETTRICK BANKS.

ON Ettrick banks, in a summer's night,
 At glowming when the sheep drove hame,
 I met my laffie braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane :
 My heart grew light ; I ran, I flang 5
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kiss'd and clapt her there fou lang,
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my laffie, will ye go
 To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn ? 10
 I'll baith gie thee a cow and ew,
 When ye come to the brig of Earn.
 At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
 And herrings at the Broomy Law ;
 Cheer up your heart, my bonny lafs, 15
 There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
 When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
 Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
 At night when we fit down to spin, 20

I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring ;
 And thus the weary night we'll end,
 Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
 Our pleasent simmer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,

25

And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
 I'll meet my lafs amang the broom,
 And lead you to my simmer shield.
 Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langeft day feem short.

35

EWE-BUCHTS, MARION.

WILL ye gae to the ewe-buchts, Marion,
 And wear in the sheep wi' me ?
 The sun shines sweet, my Marion,
 But nae ha'f fae sweet as thee.
 O Marion's a bonnie laf,
 And the blyth blinks in her ee ;
 And fain wad I marrie Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.

5

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
 And filler on your white-hause bane ;

10

Fou faine wad I kiffe my Marion
 At ene quhan I cum hame.
 There's braw lads in Earnflaw, Marion,
 Quha gap and glow'r wi' their ee',
 At kirk quhan they see my Marion ; 15
 Bot nane of them lues like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion,
 A cow, and a brawny quay ;
 Ife gie them a' to my Marion
 Upon her bridal day. 20

And ye's get a green sey apron,
 And waistcote o' London broun ;
 And wow but ye will be vapering
 Quhan e'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
 Nane dance like me on the green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
 Ife een gae draw up wi' Jeane.
 Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
 And kittle of the cramasie ; 25
 And fune as my chin has nae hair on
 I fall cum west and see ye.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE seen the smiling
 Of Fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;
 Sweet was its blessing,
 Kind its carefing,
 But now 'tis fled,——fled far away. 5

I've seen the forest
 Adorn'd the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay ;
 Sae bonny was their blooming, 10
 Their scent the air perfuming ;
 But now they are wither'd and wedded away.]

I've seen the morning,
 With gold the hills adorning, 15
 And loud tempest storming before the mid-day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining in the funny beams,
 Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune ! 20
 Why this cruel sporting ?

O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?

Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,

Nae mair your frowns can fear me.

For the flowers of the forest are withered a-way,

25

Same Tune.

ADIEU, ye streams that smoothly glide
Through mazy windings o'er the plain,
I'll in some lonely cave reside,
And ever mourn my faithful swain.
Flower of the forest was my love,
Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
Gentle and constant as the dove,
Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas ! by Tweed my love did stray,
For me he search'd the banks around ; 10
But, ah ! the sad and fatal day,
My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.
Now droops the willow o'er the stream ;
Pale stalks his ghost in yonder grove ;
Dire Fancy paints him in my dream ; 15
Awake I mourn my hopeless love ;

FLOWERS OE EDINBURCH.

My love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flower of all his kin.
 The absence of his bonny face
 Has rent my tender heart in twain.
 I day nor night find no delight ;
 In silent tears I still complain ;
 And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
 That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fills my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose ;
 I sigh and moan while others rest ;
 His absence yields me no repose.
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' every grove and distant plain ;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 To hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's naething strange in Nature's change,
 Since parents shew such cruelty ;
 They caus'd my love from me to range,
 And knows not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plain ;

But I'll mourn and lament in deep discontent
For the absence of my darling swain.

Kind Neptune, let me thee entreat,
To send a fair and pleasant gale ;
Ye dolphins sweet, upon me wait,
And convey me on your tail ;
Heaven bles^s my voyage with success,
While crossing of the raging main,
And send me safe o'er to that distant shore,
To meet my lovely darling swain.

All joy and mirth at our return
Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay ;
The bells shall ring and sweet birds sing, 35
To grace and crown our nuptial day.
Thus blest wi' charms in my love's arms,
My heart once more I will regain ;
Then I'll range no more to a distant shore,
But in love will enjoy my darling swain.

FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER.

Ye gods ! was Strephon's picture blest
With the fair heaven of Chloe's breast ?
Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring heart,
Oh gently throb,—too fierce thou art.

Tell me, thou brightest of thy kind,
For Strephon was the bliss design'd ?
For Strephon's sake, dear charming maid,
Didst thou prefer his wand'ring shade ?

And thou, blest shade, that sweetly art
Lodg'd so near my Chloe's heart,
For me the tender hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing ! it scorns to hear
Its wretched master's ardent prayer,
Ingrossing all that beauteous heaven,
That Chloe, lavish maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee ; were I lord
Of all the wealth these breasts afford,
I'd be a miser too, nor give
An alms to keep a god alive.
Oh ! smile not thus my lovely fair,
On these cold looks that lifeless are ;
Prize him whose bosom glows with fire,
With eager love and soft desire.

'Tis true, thy charms, O pow'rful maid,
To life can bring the silent shade :
Thou canst surpass the painter's art,
And real warmth and flames impart.
But, oh ! it ne'er can love like me,
I ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee :
Then, charmer, grant my fond request ;
Say, thou canst love, and make me blest.

FAIREST OF HER DAYS.

W^HOEVER beholds my Helen's face,
 And says not that good hap has she ;
 Who hears her speak, and tents her grace,
 Shall think name ever spake but she.

The short way to resound her praise, 5
She is the fairest of her days.

Who knows her wit, and not admires ,
 He maun be deem'd devoid of skill ;
 Her virtues kindle strong desires
 In them that think upon her still. 10
The short way, &c.

Her red is like unto the rose
 Whase buds are op'ning to the sun,
 Her comely colours do disclose
 The first degree of ripenes won. 15
The short way, &c.

And with the red is mixt the white,
 Like to the sun and fair moonshine,
 That does upon clear waters light,
 And makes the colour seem divine. 20
The short way to resound her praise,
She is the fairest of her days.

GILDEROY.

Ah! Chloris, could I now but fit
 As unconcern'd as when
 Your infant-beauty could beget
 No happiness nor pain.

When I this dawning did admire,
 And prais'd the coming day,
 I little thought that rising fire
 Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay,
 As metals in a mine.

Age from no face takes more away,
 Than youth conceal'd in thine.

But as your charms insenibly
 To their perfection prest :
 So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
 And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
 While Cupid at my heart,
 Still as his mother favour'd you,
 Threw a new-flaming dart.

5

10

15

20

Each gloried in their wanton part :

To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art ;

To make a beauty, she.

36

GALLOWSHIELS.

by W. Hamilton of Kenyon

AH the shepherd's mournful fate !

When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,

Nor dare disclose his anguish !

Yet eager looks, and dying sighs,

5

My secret soul discover,
While rapture trembling through mine eyes,

Reveals how much I love her :

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,

O'erspread with rising blushes,

10

A thousand various ways they speak

A thousand various wishes.

For oh ! that form so heavenly fair,

Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling,

That artless blush, and modest air,

15

So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,

So charm whene'er I view thee ;

N. 4.

Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.

20

Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

24

GREEN SLEEVES.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my dear Delia take a care,
And represent her lover
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love, and truth ;
Till I return, her passions foothe,
For me in whispers move her.

5

Be careful no base fordid slave,
With soul funk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to fave,
With glaring gold bewitch her.
Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me who know how to be kind,
And have mair plenty in my mind,
Than ane who's ten times richer.

10

15

Let all the warld turn upside down,
 And fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,

To please their vain ambition ;

20.

Let little minds great charms espy,
 In shadows which at distance ly,
 Whose hop'd-for pleasure when come nigh,

Proves nothing in fruition :

But cast into a mold divine, 25.
 Fair Delia does with lustre shine,
 Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
 Which yields a constant treasure.

Let poets in sublimest lays,
 Employ their skill her fame to raise ; 30.
 Let sons of music pass whole days,
 With well-tun'd reeds to please her.

HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
 But O, they're vain and idly gawdy !
 How much unlike that gracefu' mien,
 And manly looks of my highland laddie !

O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,

5.

My handsome charming highland laddie ;

May heaven still guard, and love reward

Our lawland lass, and her highland laddie.

If I were free at will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest lawland lady, 10
 I'd take young Donald without trews,
 With bonnet blew, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrow's-town,
 In a' his airs, with art made ready, 15
 Compar'd to him he's but a clown ;
 He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my lawland kin and daddy, 20
 Frae winter's cauld, and summer's fun,
 He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady ; 25
 But I can kifs and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pafs,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lafs, 30
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.
O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady, 35

Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my highland laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

Same Tune.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're four and unco fawcy ;
 Sae proud, they never can be kind
 Like my good-humour'd highland laffie.

O my bonny, bonny highland laffie, 5.
My hearty smiling highland laffie ;
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my laffie.

Than ony laff in burrow's-town,
 Wha mak their cheeks with patches mottie, 10
 I'd take my Katty but a gown,
 Bare-footed in her little coatie.

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the briar or brecken bush,
 Whene'er I kifs and court my dawtie ; 15
 Happy and blyth as ane wad wish,
 My flighteren heart gangs pittie pattie.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest hethery hills I'll sten,
 With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
 To drive the deer out of their den,
 To feast my lass on dishes dainty.

O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare by deed or word,
 'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
 While I can wield my trusty sword,
 Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.

O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
 And berries ripe, invite my treasure
 To range with me ; let great fowk gloom,
 While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.

*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
 My lovely smiling highland lassie,
 May never care make thee less fair,
 But bloom of youth still blefs my lassie.*

HAD AWA' FRAE ME, DONALD.

O COME awa', come awa',
 Come awa' wi' me, Jenny ;
 Sick frowns I canna bear frae ane
 Whase smiles ance ravish'd me, Jenny ;

If you'll be kind, you'll never find 5
 That ought fall alter me, Jenny ;
 For you're the mistress of my mind,
 Whate'er you think of me, Jenny.

First when your sweets enslav'd my heart,
 You seem'd to favour me, Jenny ; 10
 But now, alas ! you act a part
 That speaks unconstancy, Jenny :
 Unconstancy is sic a vice,
 'Tis not befitting thee, Jenny ;
 It suits not wi' your virtue nice 15
 To carry fae to me, Jenny.

HER ANSWER.

O HAD awa, had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
 Your heart is made o'er large for ane,
 It is not meet for me, Donald.
 Some fickle mistress you may find, 5
 Will jilt as fast as thee, Donald ;
 To ilka swain she will prove kind,
 And nae less kind to thee, Donald.

But I've a heart that's naething such,
 'Tis fill'd with honesty, Donald ; 10

I'll ne'er love money, I'll love much,
 I hate all levity, Donald.
 Therefore nae mair, with art, pretend
 Your heart is chain'd to mine, Donald ?
 For words of falsehood ill defend
 A roving love like thine, Donald. 15

First when you courted, I must own
 I frankly favour'd you, Donald ;
 Apparent worth and fair renown,
 Made me believe you true, Donald. 20
 Ilk virtue then seem'd to adorn
 The man esteem'd by me, Donald ;
 But now, the mask fall'n aff, I scorn
 To ware a thought on thee, Donald..

And now, for ever, had awa',
 Had awa' frae me, Donald ;
 Gae seek a heart that's like your ain,
 And come nae mair to me, Donald ;
 For I'll reserve myself for ane,
 For ane that's liker me, Donald ; 25
 If sic a ane I canna find,
 I'll ne'er loe man, nor thee, Donald. 30

Donald.

Then I'm thy man, and false report
 Has only tald a lie, Jenny ?
 To try thy truth, and make us sport
 The tale was rais'd by me, Jenny. 35

Jenny.

When this ye prove, and still can love,
 Then come awa' to me, Donald ;
 I'm weel content, ne'er to repent
 That I hae smil'd on thee, Donald. 40

HAY's BONNY LASSIE.

By smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,
 Aft cry'd he, Oh hey ! maun I still live pining
 Myself thus awa, and darna discover
 To my bonny Hay that I am her lover ?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger !
 If she's not my bride, my days are nae longer ; 6
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding Day a good
 morrow ; 40
 The swaird of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
 Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her
 graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the
 sweeter ;
 'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing, 15
 Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glow-
 ing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded ;
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confound-
 ed ;
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye, 20
 For a' my desire is Hay's bonny laffie.

HAP ME WI' THY PETTICOAT.

O BELL, thy looks hae kill'd my heart,
 I pass the day in pain ;
 When night returns, I feel the smart,
 And wish for thee in vain.
 I'm starving cold, while thou art warm ; 5
 Have pity and incline,
 And grant me for a hap that charm-
 ing petticoat of thine.

My ravish'd fancy in amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy charms, 10
 Delusive dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my arms.

But waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those pleasures, which alone can cure
 This panting breast of mine. 15

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just reward that's due to love,
 And let true passion die. 20
 Oh! turn, and let compassion seize
 That lovely breast of thine ;
 Thy petticoat could give me ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure heaven has fitted for delight 25
 That beauteous form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its law to slight,
 By hind'ring the design.
 May all the powers of love agree,
 At length to make thee mine ; 30
 Or loose my chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry charm of thine.

HAPPY CLOWN.

How happy is the rural clown,
 Who, far remov'd from noise of town,
 Contemns the glory of a crown,

And in his safe retreat,
Is pleas'd with his low degree,
Is rich in decent poverty,
From strife, from care, and bus'ness free,
At once baith good and great ?

Nae drums dislurb his morning sleep,
He fears nae danger of the deep, 10
Nor noisy law, nor courts ne'er heap
Vexation on his mind ;
No trumpets rouze him to the war,
No hopes can bribe, no threats can dare ;
From state intrigues he holds afar, 15
And liveth unconfin'd.

Like those in golden ages born,
He labours gently to adorn
His small paternal fields of corn,
And on their product feeds ; 20
Each season of the wheeling year,
Industrious he improves with care,
And still some ripen'd fruits appear,
So well his toil succeeds.

Now by a silver stream he lies,
And angles with his baits and flies,
And next the sylvan scene he tries,
His spirits to regale ; 25
Now from the rock or height he views
His fleecy flock, or teeming cows ;

30

Then tunes his reed, or tries his muse,
That waits his honest call.

Amidst his harmleſs easy joys,
No care his peace of mind destroys,
Nor does he paſs his time in toys

35

Beneath his just regard :
He's fond to feel the zephyr's breeze,
To plant and ſhed his tender trees ;
And for attending well his bees,
Enjoys their ſweet reward.

40

The flow'ry meads and ſilent coves,
The ſcenes of faithful rural loves,
And warbling birds on blooming groves,
Afford a wiſh'd delight ;

But O how pleafant is this life !
Bleſt with a chafe and virtuous wife,
And children prattling, void of ſtrife,
Around his fire at night !

45

HALLOW EVEN.

W_HY hangs that cloud upon thy brow,
That beauteous heaven e'erwhile ſerene ?
Whence do thofe ſtorms and tempeſts flow ?
Or what this gulf of paſſion mean ?

And must then mankind lose that light,
Which in thine eyes was wont to shine,
And lie obscur'd in endless night,
For each poor silly speech of mine ?

Dear child, how can I wrong thy name,
Since it's acknowledg'd at all hands,
That could ill tongues abuse thy fame,
Thy beauty could make large amends ?
Or if I durst profanely try
Thy beauty's pow'rful charms t' upbraid,
Thy virtue well might give the lye,
Nor call thy beauty to its aid.

For Venus, ev'ry heart t' ensnare,
With all her charms has deck'd thy face ;
And Pallas, with unusual care,
Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry grace.
Who can the double pain endure ?
Or who must not resign the field
To thee, celestial maid, secure
With Cupid's bow, and Pallas' shield ?

If then to thee such pow'r is given,
Let not a wretch in torment live,
But smile, and learn to copy Heaven,
Since we must sin e'er it forgive.
But pitying Heaven not only does
Forgive th' offender and th' offence,
But even itself, appeas'd, bestows,
As the reward of penitence.

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I'LL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

Johny.

To ho' for seven years and mair honour shou'd
 reave me,
 To fields where cannons rair, thou need na grieve
 thee ;
 For deep in my spirits thy sweets are indented,
 And love shall preserve ay what love has imprinted.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee, 5
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

Nelly.

O Johny ! I'm jealous whene'er ye discover
 My sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose rover ;
 And nought i' the warld wad vex my heart fairer
 If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer. 10
 Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !
 A' the lang night and day, if you deceive me.

Johny.

My Nelly, let never sick fancies oppres ye,
 For while my blood's warm I'll kindly caref ye :
 Your blooming saft beauties first beeted Love's fire,
 Your virtue and wit make it ay flame the higher. 16
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,
 Gang the warld as it will, dearest, believe me.

Nelly.

Then, Johny, I frankly this minute allow ye
To think me your mistress, for love gars me trow
ye;

20

And gin you prove fa'se, to ye'rself be it said then ;
Ye'll win but sma' honour to wrang a kind maiden.
Reave me, reave me, Heav'ns ! it wad reave me
Of my rest night and day, if ye deceive me.

Johny.

Bid iceshogles hammer red gads on the studdy, 25
And fair simmer mornings nae mair appear ruddy ;
Bid Britons think ae gait, and when they obey ye,
But never till that time believe I'll betray ye.
Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee ;
The starns shall gang withershins e'er I deceive
thee.

30

Same Tune.

ONE day I heard Mary say,
How shall I leave thee ?
Stay, dearest Adonis, stay,
Why wilt thou grieve me ?
Alas ! my fond heart will break,
If thou shou'd leave me :

5

I'll live and die for thy sake,
 Yet never leave thee.

Say, lovely Adonis, say,
 Has Mary deceiv'd thee ? 10
 Did e'er her young heart betray
 New love, that's griev'd thee ?
 My constant mind ne'er shall stray,
 Thou mayst believe me,
 I'll love thee, lad, night and day, 15
 And never leave thee.

Adonis, my charming youth,
 What can relieve thee ?
 Can Mary thy anguish soothe !
 This breast shall receive thee. 20
 My passion can ne'er decay,
 Never deceive thee :
 Delight shall drive pain away,
 Pleasure revive thee.

But leave thee, leave thee, lad, 25
 How shall I leave thee ?
 O ! that thought makes me sad,
 I'll never leave thee.
 Where would my Adonis fly ?
 Why does he grieve me ? 30
 Alas ! my poor heart will die,
 If I should leave thee.

I WISH MY LOVE WERE IN A MYRE.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly fits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile !

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest, 5
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost :

My bosom glow'd ; the subtile flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame ; 10
O'er my dim eyes a darknes hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung :

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play, 15
I fainted, funk, and dy'd away.

JOCKY BLYTH AND GAY.

BLYTH Jocky young and gay, is all my heart's delight ;

He's all my talk by day, and all my dream by night.

If from the lad I be, it's winter then with me ;
But when he tarries here, it's summer all the year.

When I and Jocky met first on the flowery dale, 5
Right sweetly he me tret, and love was a' his tale.

You are the lass, said he, that staw my heart
fрае me.

O ease me of my pain, and never shaw disdain.

Well can my Jocky kyth his love and courtesie,
He made my heart fu' blyth when he first spake
to me. 10

His suit I'll deny'd ; he kiss'd, and I comply'd :
Sae Jocky promis'd me, that he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when Jocky comes, sad when he gangs
away ;

'Tis night when Jocky glooms, but when he smiles
'tis day.

When our eyes meet I pant, I colour, sigh, and
faint ;

15

What lafs that wad be kind can better tell her
mind ?

I'LL NE'ER LOVE THEE MORE.

BY THE GREAT MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

PART FIRST.

My dear and only love, I pray,
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest monarchy :
For if confu on have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

5

As Alexander I will reign,
And I will reign alone ;
My thoughts did evermore disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,

10

Who dares not put it to the touch, 15
 To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign and govern still,
 And always give the law ;
 And have each subject at my will,
 And all to stand in awe ; 20
 But 'gainst my batt'ries if I find
 Thou storm or vex me sore,
 And if thou set me as a blind,
 I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart, 25
 Where I should solely be,
 If others do pretend a part,
 Or dare to share with me ;
 Or committees if thou erect,
 Or go on such a score, 30
 'll, smiling, mock at thy neglect,
 And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
 Thy love and constant word,
 'll make thee famous by my pen,
 And glorious by my sword. 35
 'll serve thee in such noble ways,
 As ne'er was known before ;
 'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
 And love thee more and more. 40

SECOND PART.

My dear and only love, take heed,
 Lest thou thyself expose ;
 And let all longing lovers feed
 Upon such looks as those.
 A marble wall then build about,
 Beset without a door ;
 But if thou let thy heart fly out,
 I'll never love thee more.

Let not their oaths, like vollies shot,
 Make any breach at all,
 Nor smoothness of their language plot,
 Which way to scale the wall ;
 Nor balls of wild-fire love consume
 The shrine which I adore :
 For if such smoak about thee fume,
 I'll never love thee more.

I think thy virtues be too strong
 To suffer by surprise ;
 Which victual'd by my love so long,
 The siege at length must rife ;
 And leave thee ruled in that health
 And state thou was before :

But if thou turn a commonwealth,
I'll never love thee more.

But if by fraud, or by consent,
Thy heart to ruin come,
I'll found no trumpet, as I wont,
Nor march by tuk of drum ;
But hold my arms, like ensigns up,
Thy falsehood to deplore,
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
And never love thee more.

I'll do with thee as Nero did,
When Rome was set on fire ;
Not only all relief forbid,
But to a hill retire ;
And scorn to shed a tear to see,
The spirit grow so poor ;
But, smiling, sing until I die,
I'll never love thee more.

Yet for the love I bore thee once,
Left that thy name should die,
A monument of marble-stone
The truth shall testifie ;
That every pilgrim passing by,
May pity and deplore
My case, and read the reason why
I can love thee no more.

The golden laws of love shall be
 Upon this pillar hung,
 " A simple heart, a single eye,
 " A true and constant tongue.
 " Let no man for more love prétend
 " Than he has hearts in store :
 " True love begun shall never end ;
 " Love one and love no more."

Then shall thy heart be set by mine,
 But in far different case ;
 For mine was true, so was not thine,
 But lookt like Janus' face.
 For as the waves with every wind,
 So fails thou every shore,
 And leaves my constant heart behind ;
 How can I love thee more ?

My heart shall with the sun be fixt,
 For constancy most strange,
 And thine shall with the moon be mixt,
 Delighting ay in change.
 Thy beauty shin'd at first most bright,
 And woe is me therefor,
 That e'er I found thy love so light,
 I could love thee no more.

The misty mountains, smoaking lakes,
 The rocks resounding echo ;
 The whistling wind that murmur makes,
 Shall all with me sing hey ho.

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The tossing feas, the tumbling boats,
 Tears dropping from each shore,
 Shall tune with me their turtle notes,
 I'll never love thee more.

80

As doth the turtle chaste and true
 Her fellow's death regret,
 And daily mourns for his adieu,
 And ne'er renews her mate ;
 So, though thy faith was never fast,
 Which grieves me wond'rous fore,
 Yet I shall live in love so chaste,
 That I shall love no more.

85

And when all gallants ride about,
 These monuments to view,
 Whereon is written in and out,
 "Thou trait'rous and untrue;"
 Then in a passion they shall pause,
 And thus say, fighing fore,
 Alas ! he had too just a cause
 Never to love thee more.

90

And when that tracing goddes Fame
 From east to west shall flee,
 She shall record it to thy shame,
 How thou hast loved me ;
 And how in odds our love was such
 As few has been before ;
 Thou lov'd too many, I too much,
 That I can love no more.

95

100

104

I FIXT MY FANCY ON HER.

BRIGHT Cynthia's power divinely great,
 What heart's not obeying?
 A thousand Cupids on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She seems the queen of love to reign ;
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets as best can entertain
 The gust of all the senses.

Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses ;
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heav'n in kisses.
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
 From Nature's richest treasure ;
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

PLL GAR YE BE FAIN TO FOLLOW ME.

He.

ADIEU, for a while, my native green plains,
 My nearest relations, my neighbouring swains ;
 Dear Nelly, frae those I'd start easily free,
 Were minutes not ages, while absent frae thee.

She.

Then tell me the reasen, thou dost not obey 5
 The pleadings of love, but thus hurry away ?
 Alake ! thou deceiver, o'er plainly I see,
 A lover fae roving will never mind me.

He.

The reasen unhappy is owing to fate,
 That gave me a being without an estate, 10
 Which lays a necessity now upon me,
 To purchase a fortune for pleasure to thee.

She.

Small fortune may serve where love has the
 fway,
 Then Johnny be counsel'd na langer to stray :
 O 5

For while thou proves constant in kindness to me,
Contented I'll ay find a treasure in thee. 16

He.

O cease, my dear charmer, else soon I'll betray
A weakness unmanly, and quickly give way
To fondness, which may prove a ruin to thee,
A pain to us baith, and dishonour to me.

Bear witness, ye streams, and witness ye flowers, 20
Bear witness, ye watchful invisible powers,
If ever my heart be unfaithful to thee,
May naething propitious e'er smile upon me.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

"T is not your beauty nor your wit,
That can my heart obtain ;
For they could never conquer yet
Either my breast or brain ;
For if you'll not prove kind to me,
And true as heretofore,
Henceforth your slave I'll scorn to be,
Nor doat upon you more. 5

Think not my fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind ; 10

No smoothed sigh, nor smiling frown,
Can satisfy my mind.

Pray let Platonics play such pranks,
Such follies I deride ;

For love at least I will have thanks,
And something else beside.

15

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I shall be with you,
And let your actions be as free
As virtue will allow.

20

If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind :
If true, I'll constant be :
If Fortune chance to change your mind,
I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our affections well ye know
In equal terms do stand,
'Tis in your pow'r to love or no,
Mine's likewise in my hand.
Dispense with your austerity,
Inconstancy abhor ;
Or, by great Cupid's deity,
I'll never love you more.

25

30

JOCKY AND JENNY.

Jocky.

WHEN Jocky was blest with your love and your truth,

Not on Tweed's pleasant banks dwelt so blythesome a youth : -

With Jenny I sported it all the day long,
And her name was the burden and joy of my song.

And her name was the burden and joy of my song. 5

Jenny.

E'er Jocky had ceas'd all his kindness to me,
There liv'd in a vale not so happy a she :

Such pleasures with Jocky his Jenny had known,
That she scorn'd in a cot the fine folks of the town.

Jocky.

Ah ! Jocky, what fear now possesses thy mind, 10
That Jenny so constant, to Willie's been kind !

When dancing so gay with the nymphs on the plain,

She yielded her hand and her heart to the swain.

Jenny.

You falsely upbraid,—but remember the day
 With Lucy you toy'd it beneath the new hay ; 25
 When alone with your Lucy, the shepherds have
 faid,
 You forgot all the vows that to Jenny you made.

Jocky.

Believe not, sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from
 thee,
 For Lucy the wanton's a maid still for me :
 From a lass that's so true your fond Jocky ne'er
 rov'd, 20
 Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

Jenny.

My heart for young Willy ne'er panted nor sigh'd ;
 For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.
 While Tweed's waters glide, shall your Jenny be
 true,
 Nor love, my dear Jocky, a shepherd like you. 25

Jocky.

No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair ;
 For kindness no youth can with Jocky compare.
 We'll love then, and live from fierce jealousy free,
 And none on the plain shall be happy as we.

KATHARINE OGIE.

As walking forth to view the plain,
 Upon a morning early,
 While May's sweet scent did cheer my brain,
 From flow'rs which grew so rarely :
 I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
 She shin'd though it was foggy :
 I ask'd her name : Sweet Sir, she said,
 My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
 To see a nymph so stately ;
 So brisk an air there did appear,
 In a country maid so neatly :
 Such natural sweetnes she display'd,
 Like a lylie in a bogie ;
 Diana's self was ne'er array'd
 Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
 Who sees thee sure must prize thee ;
 Though thou art drest in robes but mean,
 Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
 Thy handsome air and graceful look,
 Far excells any clownish rogue ;

5

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Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but a shepherd swain ! 25
To feed my flock beside thee,
At boughting time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie. 30

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
And statesmen's dangerous stations :
I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown, 35
I'd smile at conqu'ring nations :
Might I carefs and still possess
This lafs of whom I'm vogie ;
For these are toys, and still look lefs,
Compar'd with Katharine Ogie. 40

But I fear the gods have not decreed
For me so fine a creature
Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
All other works in nature.
Clouds of despair surround my love, 45
That are both dark and foggy :
Pity my case, ye powers above,
Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

KIND ROBIN LO'ES ME.

WHILST I alone your soul possest,
 And none more lov'd your bosom prest.
 Ye gods, what king like me was blest,
 When kind Jenny lo'ed me !

*Hey ho, Jenny, quothe he,
 Kind Robin lo'es thee.*

5

Jeany.

Whilst you ador'd no other fair,
 Nor Kate with me your heart did share,
 What queen with Jenny cou'd compare,
 When kind Robin lo'ed me !

Hey ho, Jenny, &c.

12

Robin.

Katy now commands my heart,
 Kate who sings with so much art,
 Whose life to save with mine I'd part ;
 For kind Katy lo'es me.

Hey ho, Jenny, &c.

13

Jeany.

Patie now delights mine eyes,
 He with equal ardour dies,

Whose life to save I'd perish twice ;

For kind Patie lo'es me.

Hey ho, Robin, &c.

29

Robin.

What if Kate for thee disdain,

And former love return again,

To link us in the strongest chain :

For kind Robin lo'es thee.

25

Hey ho, Jenny, &c.

Jenny.

Though Patie's kind, as kind can be,

And thou more stormy than the sea,

I'd chuse to live and die with thee,

If kind Robin lo'es me.

30

Hey ho, Robin, &c.

THE LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,

I left my love behind me !

Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,

When soft ideas mind me ?

Soon as the ruddy morn display'd

35

The beaming day ensuing,

I met betimes my lovely maid.

In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
 Gazing and chastely sporting ;
 We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
 Till Night spread her black curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the skies,
 Ev'n kings, when she was nigh me ;
 In raptures I beheld her eyes,
 Which cou'd but ill deny me.

10

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20

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
 Where mortal steel may wound me,
 Or cast upon some foreign shore,
 Where dangers may surround me :
 Yet hopes again to see my love,
 To feast on glowing kisses,
 Shall make my care at distance move,
 In prospect of such blisses.

25

In all my soul there's not one place,
 To let a rival enter ;
 Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland-ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

30

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :

35

Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

40

LOGAN WATER.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love ;
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between and bid them part ;

Bid them sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and pine their soul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of Love is gone ?

5

But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.

10

For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other wishes I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

15

Same Tune.

TELL me, Hamilla, tell me why
 Thou dost from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft embraces fly,
 And all his kind endearments shun?
 So flies the fawn, with fear opprest,
 Seeking its mother every where,
 It starts at ev'ry empty blast,
 And trembles when no danger's near.

5

And yet I keep thee but in view,
 To gaze the glories of thy face;
 Nor with a hateful step pursue,
 As age, to rifle ev'ry grace.
 Cease then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all rivals to outshine,
 And, grown mature and ripe for joy,
 Leave Mamma's arms, and come to mine.

10

15

LEADER-HAUGHS.

WHEN Phœbus bright the azure skies
 With golden rays enlight'neth,
 He makes all Nature's beauties rise,
 Herbs, trees, and flow'rs he quick'neth :
 Amongt all those he makes his choice, 5
 And with delight goes thorough,
 With radiant beams and silver streams
 O'er Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the day and night
 In equal length divideth, 10
 And frosty Saturn takes his flight,
 Nae langer he abideth ;
 Then Flora Queen, with mantle green,
 Casts aff her former sorrow,
 And vows to dwell with Ceres' fell, 15
 In Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Pan, playing on his aiten reed,
 And shepherd's him attending,
 Do here resort their flock's to feed,
 The hills and haughs commanding ; 20

With cur and kent upon the bent,
 Sing to the sun good-morrow,
 And swear nae fields mair pleasure yield
 Than Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

An houſe there stands on Leader-fide, 25
 Surmounting my descriving,
 With rooms ſae rare, and windows fair,
 Like Dedalus' contriving ;
 Men paſſing by, do aften cry,
 In foorth it hath no marrow ;
 It stands as ſweet on Leader-fide, 30
 As Newark does on Yarrow.

A mile below wha liſts to ride,
 They'll hear the mavis ſinging ;
 Into St. Leonard's banks ſhe'll bide, 35
 Sweet birks her head o'erhinging ;
 The lintwhite loud and Progne proud,
 With tuneful throats and narrow,
 Into St. Leonard's banks they ſing
 As ſweetly as in Yarrow. 40

The lapwing liſting o'er the lee,
 With nimble wings ſhe ſporteth ;
 But vows ſhe'll flee far from the tree
 Where Philomel reſorteth :
 By break of day the lark can ſay, 45
 I'll bid you a good-morrow,
 I'll ſtretch my wing, and mounting, ſing
 O'er Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

Park, Wantonwaws, and Woodencleugh, 50
 The East and Western Mainses,
 The wood of Lauder's fair enough,
 The corns are good in Blainshes ;
 Where aits are fine, and sold by kind,
 That if ye search all thorough,
 Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
 Than Leader-haughs and Yarrow. 55

In Burnmill Bog, and Whiteblade Shaws,
 The fearful hare she haunteth ;
 Brighaugh and Braidwoodshiel she knaws,
 And Chapel-wood frequenteth ; 60
 Yet when she irks, to Kaidfly birks
 She rins, and sighs for sorrow,
 That she should leave sweet Leader-haughs,
 And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter music wad ye hear, 65
 Than hounds and beigles crying ?
 The started hare rins hard with fear,
 Upon her speed relying :
 But yet her strength it fails at length,
 Nae bielding can she borrow 70
 In Sorrel's fields, Cleckman, or Hags,
 And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spotty, Shag,
 With sight, and scent pursue her,
 Till, ah ! her pith begins to flag, 75
 Nae cunning can rescue her :

O'er dub and dyke, o'er seugh and syke
 She'll rin the fields all thorough,
 Till fail'd she fa's in Leader-haughs,
 And bids farewell to Yarrow.

84

Sing Erslington and Cowdenknows,
 Where Homes had anes commanding ;
 And Drygrange with the milk-white ews,
 'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :
 The birds that flee thro' Redpath trees,
 And Gledswood banks ilk morrow,
 May chant and sing sweet Leader-haughs,
 And bonny howms of Yarrow.

85

But Minstrel-burn cannot assuage
 His grief while life endureth,
 To see the changes of this age,
 That fleeting time procureth :
 For mony a place stands in hard case,
 Where blyth fowk kend nae sorrow,
 With Homes that dwelt on Leader-side,
 And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

94

95

Same Tune.

THE morn was fair, faft was the air,
 All nature's sweets were springing,

The buds did bow with silver dew,
 Ten thousand birds were singing ;
 When on the bent, with blyth content, 5
 Young Jamie sang his marrow,
 Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grafs
 On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face, where every grace
 In heavenly beauty's planted ; 10
 Her smiling een, and comely mien,
 That nae perfection wanted !
 I'll never fret, nor bane my fate,
 But blefs my bonny marrow :
 If her dear smile my doubts beguile,, 15
 My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share
 Of every charm enchanting,
 Each good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if love be wanting. 20
 O bonny lass ! have but the grace
 To think e'er ye gae further,
 Your joys maun flit, if you commit
 The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And night and day affright ye ;
 But if ye're kind, with joyful mind
 I'll study to delight ye ;
 Our years around with love thus crown'd,
 From all things joy shall borrow ; 25
 30

Thus none shall be more blest than we,
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
Can make life worth my wishes ;
If equal love your mind can move
To grant this best of blisses.

Thou art my sun, and thy least frown
Would blast me in the blossom ;
But if thou shine, and make me thine,
I'll flourish in thy bosom.

35

40

LOCHABER NO MORE.

FAREWELL to Lochaber, and farewell, my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I have mony a day
been ;

For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll may be return to Lochaber no more.

These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear, 5
And no for the dangers attending on weir ;
Tho' bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
May be to return to Lochaber no more.

Tho' hurricanes rise, and raise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my
mind ;

10

Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
 That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
 To leave thee behind me, my heart is fair pain'd ;
 By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd ;
 And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
 And I maun deserve it before I can crave. 16

Then glory, my Jeany, maun plead my excuse ;
 Since honour commands me, how can I refuse ?
 Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
 And without thy favour I'd better not be. 20
 I gae then, my lafs, to win honour and fame,
 And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
 I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
 And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

LOVE IS THE CAUSE OF MY MOURNING.

By a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
 Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her say,
 Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
 You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never
 warms ;

Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
Oh ! Strephon ! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go down to the shades
below,

E'er ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him
so ;

Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show,
That love was the cause of my mourning.

10

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came
by ;

He thought she'd been sleeping, and softly drew
nigh :

But finding her breathless, Oh heavens ! he did cry,
Ah, Chloris ! the cause of my mourning.

16

Restore me my Chloris ; ye nymphs, use your art.
They, fighing, reply'd, 'Twas your eyes shot the
dart,

That wounded the tender young shepherd's
heart,

And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead, wounded by me ! he said ;
I'll follow thee, chaste maid, down to the silent
shade.

Then on her cold snowy breast leaning his head.

Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

FOR THE SAKE OF GOLD.

For the sake of gold she has left me,
 And of all that's dear has bereft me;
 She me forsook for a great duke,
 And to endless woe she has left me.

A star and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart ;
 For empty titles we must part ;
 For glittering show she has left me.

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injured heart again to love ;
 Thro' distant climates I must rove
 Since Jeany she has left me.

Ye Powers above, I to your care
 Resign my faithleſs lovely fair ;
 Your choicest blessings be her share,
 Tho' she has ever left me !

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15

LASS OF LIVINGSTON.

PAIN'D with her slighting Jamie's love,
 Bell dropt a tear—Bell dropt a tear;
 The gods descended from above,
 Well pleas'd to hear—well pleas'd to hear;
 They heard the praises of the youth, 5
 From her own tongue—from her own tongue,
 Who now converted was to truth,
 And thus she sung—and thus she sung :

Bless'd days ! when our ingenuous sex,
 More frank and kind—more frank and kind, 10
 Did not their lov'd adorers vex,
 But spoke their mind—but spoke their mind.
 Repenting now, she promis'd fair,
 Would he return—would he return,
 She ne'er again would give him care, 15
 Or cause him mourn—or cause him mourn.

Why lov'd I the deserving swain,
 Yet still thought shame—yet still thought shame,
 When he my yielding heart did gain,
 To own my flame—to own my flame ? 20
 Why took I pleasure to torment,
 And seem too coy—and seem too coy ?

Which makes me now, alas ! lament
My slighted joy,—my slighted joy.

Ye fair, while beauty's in its spring, 25
 Own your desire—own your desire;
While Love's young power, with his soft wing
 Fans up the fire—fans up the fire.
Oh! do not with a silly pride,
 Or low design—or low design,
Refuse to be a happy bride,
 But answer plain—but answer plain.

Thus the fair mourner wail'd her crime,
With flowing eyes—with flowing eyes;
Glad Jamie heard her all the time, 35
With sweet surprize—with sweet surprize.
Some god had led him to the grove,
His mind unchang'd—his mind unchang'd,
Flew to her arms, and cry'd, My love,
I am reveng'd—I am reveng'd.

MARY SCOTT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn ;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.

Ye registers of Heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow ?

5

Ah no ! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above must share ;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at distance due adore her.
O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
Revive and blefs me with a smile :
Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

10

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20

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair.
My Mary's tender as she's fair ;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish ;
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky ;
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

MARY's DREAM.

THE moon had climb'd the highest hill,
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,

And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tow'r and tree.

When Mary laid her down to sleep,

5

Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea ;
When soft and low a voice was heard,
Say, " Mary, weep no more for me."

She from her pillow gently rais'd
Her head to ask, who there might be ?

10

She saw young Sandy shiv'ring stand,
With visage pale and hollow eye ;

" O Mary dear, cold is my clay,

15

" It lies beneath a stormy sea,

" Far, far from thee, I sleep in death,

15

" So, Mary, weep no more for me.

" Three stormy nights and stormy days

20

" We toss'd upon the raging main :

" And long we strove our bark to save,

" But all our striving was in vain.

" Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,

" My heart was fill'd with love for thee :

" The storm is past, and I at rest,

" So, Mary, weep no more for me.

" O maiden dear, thyself prepare,

25

" We soon shall meet upon that shore,

" Where love is free from doubt and care,

" And thou and I shall part no more."

Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled,

No more of Sandy could she see ;

30

But soft the passing spirit said,
 " Sweet Mary, weep no more for me."

THE MILL, MILL—O.

BENEATH a green shade I fand a fair maid,
 Was sleeping sound and still—O ;
 A' lowan wi' love, my fancy did rove
 Around her wi' good will—O :
 Her bosom I prest ; but funk in her rest,
 She stir'd na my joy to spill—O :
 While kindly she slept, close to her I crept,
 And kis'd, and kis'd her my fill—O.

Oblig'd by command in Flanders to land,
 T' employ my courage and skill—O, 10
 Frae her quietly I staw, hoist sails and awa,
 For the wind blew fair on the bill—O.
 Twa years brought me hame, where loud-fraising
 fame
 Tald me with a voice right shrill—O,
 My lafs, like a fool, had mounted the stool, 15
 Nor kend wha had done her the ill—O.

Mair fond of her charms, with my son in her arms,
 I ferlying speir'd how she fell—O.
 Wi' the tear in her eye, quoth she, Let me die,
 Sweet Sir, gin I can tell—O. 20

Love gave the command, I took her by the hand,
 And bade her a' fears expel—O,
 And nae mair look wan, for I was the man
 Wha had done her the deed mysel—O.

My bonny sweet lass, on the gowany grafts, 25
 Beneath the Shilling-hill—O,
 If I did offence, I'ze make ye amends
 Before I leave Peggy's mill—O.
 O the mill, mill—O, and the kill, kill—O,
 And the coggin of the wheel—O : 30
 The sack and the sieve, a' that ye maun leave,
 And round with a fodger reel—O.

MY DEARY AN' THOU DIE.

LOVE never more shall give me pain,
 My fancy's fix'd on thee ;
 Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,
 My Peggy, if thou die.
 Thy beauties did such pleasure give, 5
 Thy love's so true to me.
 Without thee I shall never live,
 My deary, if thou die.

If fate shall tear thee from my breast,
 How shall I lonely stray ? 10

In dreary dreams the night I'll waste,
In sighs the silent day.

I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;

Then I'll renounce all woman kind,
My Peggy, after thee.

15

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage,
But thine, which can such sweets impart,
Must all the world engage.

20

Twas this that like the morning sun
Gave joy and life to me;
And when it's destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

25

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
And in such pleasure share;
You who its faithful flames approve,
With pity view the fair.

30

Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;
Oh ! never rob me from those arms :
I'm lost if Peggy die.

NANNY—O.

WHILE some for pleasure pawn their health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll have myself, and without stealth,
 Kiss and carefs my Nanny—O.
 She bids more fair t' engage a Jove,
 Than Leda did, or Danae—O :
 Were I to paint the queen of Love,
 None else would fit but Nanny—O.

How joyfully my spirits rise,
 When dancing she moves finely—O !
 I gues what heaven is by her eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely—O.
 Attend my vow, ye gods, while I
 Breathe in the bleit Britannia,
 None's happiness I shall envy,
 As lang's ye grant my Nanny—O.

CHORUS.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny—O,
 My lovely charming Nanny—O !
 I care not though the world know
 How dearly I love Nanny—O.*

O'ER BOGIE.

I WILL awa' wi' my love,
I will awa' wi' her,
Tho' a' my kin had sworn and said,
I'll o'er Bogie wi' her,
If I can get but her consent,
I dinna care a strae;
Though ilka ane be discontent,
Awa' wi' her I'll gae.
I will awa', &c.

5

For now, she's mistress of my heart,
 And wordy of my hand,
 And well I wat we shanna part
 For filler or for land.
 Let rakes delyte to swear and drink,
 And beaus admire fine lace;
 But my chief pleasure is to blink
 On Betty's bonny face.
I will awa', &c.

10

15

There a' the beauties do combine,
 Of colour, treats, and air;
 The faul that sparkles in her een
 Makes her a jewel rare;

20

Her flowing wit gives shining life

To a' her other charms ;

How blest I'll be when she's my wife,

25

And lock'd up in my arms !

I will awa, &c.

There blythly will I rant and sing,

While o'er her sweets I range,

I'll cry, Your humble servant, king,

30

Shame fa' them that wad change.

A kifs of Betty and a smile,

A beit ye wad lay down

The right ye hae to Britain's isle

And offer me your crown.

35

I will awa', &c.

PINKY HOUSE.

By Pinky House oft let me walk,

While circled in my arms,

I hear my Nelly sweetly talk ;

And gaze o'er all her charms ;

O let me ever fond behold

Those graces void of art !

Those cheerful smiles that sweetly hold

In willing chains my heart !

5

O come, my Love ! and bring a-new
 That gentle turn of mind ;
 That gracefulness of air, in you,
 By nature's hand design'd ;
 What beauty, like the blushing rose,
 First lighted up this flame ;
 Which, like the sun, for ever glows
 Within my breast the same ?

Ye light coquets ! ye airy things !
 How vain is all your art !
 How seldom it a lover brings !
 How rarely keeps a heart !
 O gather from my Nelly's charms,
 That sweet, that graceful ease ;
 That blushing modesty that warms,
 That native art to please !

Come then, my love ! O come along !
 And feed me with thy charms ;
 Come, fair inspirer of my song !
 O fill my longing arms !
 A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heav'ly fair, both please the eye,
 And fill the soul divine !

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Same Tune.

As Sylvia in a forest lay,
 To vent her woe alone ;
 Her swain Sylvander came that way,
 And heard her dying moan.

Ah ! is my love, she said, to you
 So worthless and so vain ?
 Why is your wonted fondness now
 Converted to disdain ?

You vow'd the light shou'd darknes turn,
 E'er you'd exchange your love ;
 In shades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.

Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you swore ?
 But ah ! it seems they most deceive,
 Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind :
 Alas ! I see it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.

For you delighted, I could die ;
 But oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,

5

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To think that credulous constant I
Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said——all breathless, sick, and pale 25

Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.

Sylvander then began to melt ;
But e'er the word was given, 30
The heavy hand of death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to Heaven.

PEGGY, I MUST LOVE THEE.

As from a rock past all relief,
The shipwreckt Colin spying
His native soil, o'ercome with grief,
Half sunk in waves, and dying :
With the next morning sun he spies 5
A ship, which gives unhop'd surprise ;
New life springs up, he lifts his eyes
With joy, and waits her motion.

So when by her whom long I lov'd,
I scorn'd was, and deserted,
Low with despair my spirits mov'd,
To be for ever parted : 10

Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in Peggy's mind and face ;
 Ingratitude appear'd then base,
 But virtue more engaging.

Then, now since happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying ?
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We lose ourselves in staying :
 I'll haste dull courtship to a close,
 Since marriage can my fears oppose :
 Why should we happy minutes lose ?
 Since Peggy, I must love thee.

Men may be foolish, if they please,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To figh, and sacrifice their ease,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my case for many a year,
 Still hope succeeding to my fear,
 False Betty's charms now disappear
 Since Peggy's far outshine them.

Same Tune.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade
 Young Colin lay complaining ;

He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining :
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 'Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, Peggy, I must love thee.

5

Say Peggy, what has Colin done,
 That thus you cruelly use him ?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you should excuse him !
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

10

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30

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where ev'ry maid invites me ;
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only flights me :
 This love that fires my faithful heart
 By all but thee's commended.
 Oh ! would thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tendernes all over,
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! tho' should it ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,

Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
My Peggy, I must love thee.

POLWART ON THE GREEN.

AT Polwart on the green,
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn,
A kindly welcome you shall meet,
Frae her wha likes to view
A lover and a lad complete,
The lad and lover you.

5

Let dory dames say Na,
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem caulder than the sna',
While inwardly they bleeze ;
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee ;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That lang na to be free.

10

15

At Polwart on the green,
Amang the new-mawn hay,
With fangs and dancing keen,
We'll pass the heartsome day.

20

At night, if beds be o'er thrang laid,
 And thou be twin'd of thine,
 Thou shalt be welcome, my dear lad,
 To tak a part of mine.

24

Same Tune.

THO' beauty, like the rose,
 That smiles on Polwart green,
 In various colours shows,
 As 'tis by fancy seen :
 Yet all its diff'rent glories ly 5
 United in thy face,
 And virtue, like the sun on high,
 Gives rays to every grace.

So charming is her air,
 So smooth, so calm her mind,
 That to some angel's care 10
 Each motion seems assign'd :
 But yet so cheerful, sprightly, gay,
 The joyful moments fly,
 As if for wings they stole the ray
 She darteth from her eye. 15

Kind, am'rous Cupids, while
 With tuneful voice she sings,

Perfume her breath, and smile,
 And wave their balmy wings :
 But as the tender blushes rise,
 Soft innocence doth warm,
 The soul in blissful extasies
 Dissolveth in the charm.

20

24

PEATY'S MILL.

THE lass of Peaty's mill,
 So bonny, blyth, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When teding of the hay
 Bare-headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her looks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

5

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth,
 To press 'em with his hand ;
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extasy of bliss,
 When I such sweetnes fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kiss.

10

15

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd. 20

Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth 25
Hoptoun's high mountains fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will ;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Peaty's mill 30
Shou'd share the same with me.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

100

100

100

